Rev T Appel DD
31Dec77

The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 33. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1879. WHOLE No. 2341.

THE MESSENGER.

ISSUED WEEKLY

BY THE

PUBLICATION BOARD

OF THE

Reformed Church in the United States.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D.,
Editor-in-Chief.

OFFICE, 907 ARCH STREET.

TERMS.

This paper is published in two issues at the following rates:

Double Sheet, two dollars and twenty cents per year strictly in advance.

Single Sheet, one dollar and ten cents per year strictly in advance.

The date appended to the subscriber's name, on the slip pasted on each paper, indicates the day, month and year to which he has paid. Renewals should be made, if possible, ere this date transpires.

☞All checks, drafts, or Post money orders must be made payable to the order of the "Reformed Church Publication Board."

Discontinuances at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements strictly consistent with the character of a religious newspaper will be inserted at the ordinary rates.

Poetry.

GOSPEL ODE.

BY THE REV. THERON BROWN.

O Word of Life! O voice of God to men!
Speak to my heart again, again.
Thro' Sinai solemn trumpet blown,
Or breathed in Calvary's silver tone,
Where sin extends its wintry shade
As summer health thy sound is glad.
'Tis life and peace; 'tis love's amen,
And hope of bliss unknown.

O Word of Life! O voice of God to men!
Speak to my heart again, again.
Thy righteous warnings wake to dread
The frozen sense of sinners dead.
On hearts athirst, on souls in pain,
Thy doctrine drops like silent rain.
Thy promises like heavenly bread
My fainting faith sustain.

O Word of Life! O voice of God to men!
Speak to my heart again, again.
Like him in Horeb's rocky cell,
Like her who heard by Jacob's well,
I wonder—but I listen still,
Till with the joyful sound I thrill,
And run salvation's news to tell.
"Good-will to men! good-will!

O Word of Life! O voice of God to men!
Speak to my heart again, again.
Thy tidings grand, thy music sweet,
The prophets sang, the saints repeat.
To swell that strain would men refuse
The beasts their silence shall accuse:
The very stones beneath their feet
Shall shout "Good news, good news!"

Selected.

SECULAR EDUCATION IMPOSSIBLE.

BY REV. GEO. B. CHEEVER, D. D.

It is as impossible to teach the history of man, or of nations, or of morals, without referring to Christ, as it is to teach chemistry without reference to elementary force and attraction, or astronomy without gravitation, or the nature of light without prisms. The very meaning of the letters A. D., as the date-signal of events for 2000 years, cannot be taught without teaching Christ's existence, authority, and power in the world. The difference between the Sabbath and the week cannot be taught, nor can the reasons for regarding or protecting the Sabbath be explained. The education thus provided by the State, excluding religious instruction, is an education that makes every man brutish in his knowledge, ashamed and afraid of religion and his God; an education of fear and trembling, of concealment and cowardice, of suppression and meanness, and the enforced ignorance of events and causes. Neither nobleness, nor manliness, nor breadth, nor depth of character, nor profound learning, nor comprehensive reasoning could come from it; an education of narrowness and of crooked policies, by which and for which all the broadest and grandest literatures of the world must be expurgated or suppressed. An education of *tabooism*, caste and prejudice, from which all the demonstrations of design and wisdom in natural history must be expelled, all such works as the Bridgewater treatises, all works intended to lead the mind from the observance of nature up to nature's God. An edict of government ordering that the science of chemistry and the effect of the sun's rays should never be studied, except by gaslight in dark laboratories, would not be more absurd.

Consider the herculean task of dephlogistication to which we are pledged, if we would prepare a single school-book fit to be used in the most ignorant precincts on such principles; a school-book which shall convey knowledge, but exclude all the grounds and relations of knowledge. Neither the nature of morality nor religion could be taught, nor the history of these two simplest factors in the progress of the human mind. We must expel the history both of Paganism and Christianity, the history of the Middle Ages and of the Reformation, the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, the history of philosophy and science, and of the martyrs of science, the history of the persecutions of the Christian Church, and the whole history of the Church itself, and of the complicated and injurious entanglements between Church and State, and of the intrusions of each upon the other's province. The biographies of the best men the world has ever seen, and all the light of their examples, as followers of God, from Enoch to Abraham, and from Abraham to Christ, and from Christ to this day, must be excluded. The very existence, opinions, and teachings of such persons as Socrates, Plato, Paul, Augustine, Luther, John Bunyan, Michael Angelo, Milton, Dante, must be ignored or mystified. In History, Art, Science, Poetry, Literature, Politics, in order to exclude theology, one must be studious and conscientiously superficial.

It is impossible to teach even the simplest necessary elements of a common school education, *suitable to this country*, as distinguished from any and every other, and essential to the permanence of our institutions, without references of instruction and explanation as to the principles by the light of which our government has been reared. The origin of laws, the grounds of their authority, the growth of States, the elements of our early history, the oppressions of conscience in Italy, England, France, Spain, and the fire of resistance against them; the roots of our institutions, our town-meetings, our colonial principles, customs, and inherited or admitted and sanctioned common law statutes; our universities and town schools, with the Bible in them from the beginning, as free, and irreproachable, and of universal right as the village common and the town pump; the mountain springs from whence have been gathered the rills at length filling the reservoirs of our public school system, as well as the vast distributing and controlling sea of elements in the constitution; all things, without concealment and without choice, fear or perversion, the State is bound to teach its children. If it does not perform this obligation, it will denationalize and disgrace its own citizens.

If it conceals or disavows the most important of these elements of historic knowledge, these indestructible demonstrations of our own eternal independent rights and elements of power, we shall become a laughing-stock among all nations. All deep knowledge will fail; we shall be a race of mere inflated freshmen and political ringsters; Greek and Roman sophists without their learning; pigmies, the descendants of a giant ancestry, but dwarfed by their own vices; philosophers of evolution, demonstrating their origin from apes, by recurrence, with atavistic accumulation, of the first-born proclivities of stealing and lying. Aztec savages wandering about among the ruins of the palaces of their old ancestral builders, who, believing at least in the Great Spirit, builded better than they knew, and were much nearer to God, than those who reject the light from God as an imposition on the conscience. For the ignorant devotees who worship an unknown God, and wait reverently for His teachings, are worthy of all admiration in comparison with those modern Illuminati, who know all about God and are ashamed of Him; who possess His Word, with authority from God to study and teach the same, but expel it from their schools as a sectarian volume!

In the history of science or of morals, we could not advance one step on such a theory of government, binding us to exclude the light of heaven from the knowledge of our children. But if we admit the reality and obligation of that light, or its influence in the state and destiny of our world, we could not contrive the smallest endurable textbook on such a plan, without confessing ourselves to be fools, or blindfolded with prejudices, that should debar us from the trusteeship of the most ignorant town parish in the world. We should have to be perpetual commentators on our own mistakes.

In the view and by the decision before us, to tax men for the purpose of teaching children the foundations of history, and the career of this world, from Adam to Abraham Lincoln, provided we shut out all reference to religion, is perfectly right; but to interpolate in any intelligent way the necessary explanations of the differences between Moses and Mercury, or Christ and Mohammed, is an injustice, against which our common liberties protest, with an outcry of anguish and oppression.—*Christian Statesman.*

A HOMILETICAL HABIT.

BY PROF. SHEDD.

The preacher ought to acquire and cultivate a homiletical habitude. Preaching is his business. For this he has educated himself, and to this he has consecrated his whole life. It should, therefore, obtain undisputed possession of his mind and his culture. He ought not, save in peculiar cases, to pursue any other intellectual calling than that of sermonizing. He may, therefore, properly allow this species of authorship to monopolize all his discipline and acquisitions. It is as fit that the preacher should be characterized by a homiletical tendency, as that the poet should be characterized by a poetical tendency. If it is proper that the poet should transmute every thing that he touches into poetry, it is proper that the preacher should transmute every thing that he touches into sermon.

The possession of such an intellectual habitude as this greatly facilitates immediate preparation for the pulpit. It is virtually a primary preparation from which the secondary and more direct derives its precision, thoroughness, rapidity, and effectiveness. Without it the preacher must be continually forced up to an unwelcome and ungenial task, in the preparation of discourses, insteading of finding in this process of composition a grateful vent to the outflow of his resources.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.*

BY ARISTE VIGUIÉ.

Eloquence is the power of words upon an auditory. A gesture, or even silence, may be eloquent. Pulpit eloquence does not differ in its essentials from other forms of eloquence. The same principle is at the foundation of all; the soul of the orator finds and masters the soul of the hearer. At the bar and in the Senate the same conditions apply as in the pulpit; but the latter has its special exigencies, treats of special matters, and addresses a different auditory. Academic eloquence is particularly didactic, occupies itself before all with ideas, which it presents under a form brilliant, incisive, thoughtful. It deals with the wit, and not, like pulpit eloquence, with conscience. The eloquence of the bar is, however, like that of the pulpit—a struggle, an appeal to the will, a solicitation of a decision—but how different in form! For in this case of addressing a jury or a bench, the grave or trivial theme is limited, and the scope, the order, and the divisions of the address vary according to the nature of the case. I may say the same of parliamentary eloquence — the object sought there, also, is to gain the will and vote; but it is often attempted in the tumult of ardent auditors or amid interruption. Very different is the field in which the preacher's eloquence is exerted: in church, before a sympathetic congregation—or, if dissenting, silent—who await a discourse of customary length, whose subject, divisions, and words depend absolutely on the inclination of the preacher. So, although the general rules are the same for all classes of eloquence, at the bottom there is but one rhetoric; but, the eloquence of the pulpit having its special exigencies, rhetoric, in its special application to pulpit eloquence, passes under certain conditions and becomes homiletics.

* From an address recently delivered in Paris, by M. Ariste Viguié, Professor of Homiletics of the College de la rue Lhomond, Paris, on assuming the chair. Translated for the *Christian Union* by W. P. Kent.

What is, then, the special character of Christian discourse? What are its principles, its spirit, its nature? The evangelic discourse, the sermon is, before everything, a living and emotional appeal to the religious conscience of its hearers. It is the penetration of souls by another soul. It is the solicitation of the will towards the Gospel. It is the cry of a heart penetrated by God, which calls and bends others towards Him. In spite of very respectable authority to the contrary, I can form no other idea of Christian eloquence. The sermon is not a simple teaching, it is not a simple act of faith, it is not a solemn fashion of proclaiming common accepted doctrines. It is another and a better thing. It is an awakening of sentiments, an incitation to pious dispositions, a wrestling with the sinner, an impulsion towards the house of the Father, a holy violence to force others to enter into the kingdom of heaven; it is the blessed—often triumphant—act of the servant of the Father, responding to the sublime order of eternal love: "Constrain them to come in . . . by the force of thy living words, moving, tender, passionate, inspired by the Holy Spirit, breathing out faith and love . . . constrain them to come!"

If I had to reduce my thoughts to a formula, I would say, in the spirit, and almost in the words, of my venerated master, Adolphe Monod: "Don't preach *on* something; preach *for* something." And our special object is the conscience.

Ought we, then, to exclude from a religious discourse appeals to the intelligence, the imagination, the affections? Quite the reverse. Our will is under the empire of our affections and our ideas, and, since the preacher aims at our wills, he should take care to inspire us with certain sentiments and infuse into us certain ideas. He will expound the evangelical doctrine, which will be the didactic part of his discourse. He will appeal to the imagination, to sentiment, to poesy. He must not picture himself hammering on the flinty conscience till it is subdued. Teaching, descriptions, pathetic word pictures, history, are all elements of power; but all only means of arriving at the end—and that end is the conscience. These varied elements also give to a religious discourse the character of serenity, gravity and mildness, which properly belong to it.

I have employed the word wrestle, and it is employed by some to denote, in exclusive fashion, the dramatic nature of the sermon, but it is more of a penetration than a wrestling. As regards those at the foot of the pulpit who are well disposed, the idea of a combat is misplaced. Even the indifferent, light-minded, and opposing, are in fact working with us. They furnish the arms with which to conquer themselves, and their hearts, their consciences, their eternal wants, we address that we may persuade them. In one sense, the sermon is always a drama, a combat, because it wages war against sin in all its forms; but, having regard to the tempered gravity of the sanctuary, the idea of the penetration of the hearer's soul by that of the preacher is more nearly the truth. This is the capital, the holy, the august work of the ministry. But it is a mission, and to it one must feel called. In it, we are on a higher sphere, above rhetoric and its art—no longer concerned with metes and rules.

But there is one thing which cannot be learned, that is, piety, which at bottom makes the eloquence and is the great essential. To give life you must first have it yourself. To extol the joy of communion with God, you must first have tasted its bliss. To kindle the holy fire in the hearts of others, it must first burn in yours. You cannot give away what you do not possess.

Piety, then, is the first absolute condition of evangelical eloquence. Here I will give a word of counsel in regard to the exclusive application of eloquence to the pulpit. The more your piety is luminous, profound, charitable, the more your words will bring light, consolation and hope. But, before all, to make it impressive, let it be personal, and be your own, and not an imitated, borrowed, lip-service. Words in servile imitation, of apt accent, are not eloquence. Eloquence is the sincerity of words. Between man and his words nothing should intervene. His speech should run gushing from his heart-springs, so that hearers may feel that it is the soul that delivers them. Conventional speech is the voice of weakness. The malicious gibe of Madame de Stael illustrates this. Coming away from a prepared sermon, quoth she: "That preacher is not of his own mind." The style is the man, is the remark of Buffon. But how much more so is the utterance! It is truly the man in all his energies—his thought, his soul, his passion, his vehemence, his voice, his gesture, his look, his ardor, in the plenitude of his radi-

Such is the nature and condition of Christian eloquence, and, in this sense, as La Bruyère remarks, "It is a gift of the soul." It cannot be learned. But, in another sense it is an art, and a very difficult one. It is easier to preach than to plead; but it is more difficult to preach well than to plead well. It has always been astonishing to me to have people contest the employment of art in the domain of sacred eloquence. I consider that assiduous study in the art of preaching is for every pastor a sacred duty. If it is his mission to preach evangelical truth to his hearers, is it not also his duty (and the very first one) to present it to them under the most impressive and suitable forms? The old opposition between art and Nature is but a wretched misunderstanding. Some say: "Leave it to Nature; she will conduct you safely; but beware of art!" But why? Is not art a part of Nature? Is it otherwise than the perfection of Nature?—than the intelligent and laborious development of innate germs and instincts? Others again urge: "Let the truth act alone—is she not eloquent herself? She will be far more mighty without the aid of art!" But is not art the presentation of Truth in all her splendor? Far from adding to Truth, art disengages from her all that sullies, veils, or dishonors her beauty. Art is truth herself. *Is not truth told with* love, with learning, with power, something yet more than truth? "Religion herself," says Vinet, "is a work of art, and consecrates, in her sphere, the rights and the dignity of art." Our ancient and austere theorists of the pulpit estimated singularly the dignity and excellence of art. "The orator should neglect nothing that will render him agreeable to his hearers," says Michel Le Faucheur. "It would be ridiculous if, when one can do more good by speaking in a certain manner, one were not to do it. It would even be a sin not to," says Ostervald. And a contemporaneous master of the art of speaking—Coquerel—has admirably said: "Eloquence is a gift of God. It would belie its celestial origin were it to be used in temporal concerns alone; defending every truth except that of faith; teaching every lesson except those of piety. No minister is excusable for burying the talents entrusted to him, in place of employing them in God's service."

I know not how men make shift to satisfy themselves, but take a sober and awakened Christian, and set him in the midst of the best of things here, his heart would burst with despair of satisfaction, were it not for a hope that he hath, beyond all this poor world either attains or is seeking after, and that hope is indeed the dawning of the day of Christ's coming.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

Holy intention is to the actions of a man that which the soul is to the body or form to its matter, or the root to the tree, or the sun to the world, or the fountain to a river, or the base to a pillar; for without these the body is a dead trunk, the matter is sluggish, the tree is a block, the world is darkness, the river is quickly dry, the pillar rushes into flatness and ruin; and the action is sinful, or unprofitable, or vain.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Within some persons, some families, some congregations, some communities, the leaven of truth has been deposited for a long time, and yet they are not moved, they are not changed. The leaven remains as it came, a stranger; all around, notwithstanding its presence, is still, is dead. It is when the Spirit is poured out as floods, that the leaven of the kingdom spreads with quickening, assimilating power. "I will pour out my Spirit upon you, saith the Lord;" the promise is sent to generate the prayer, as a sound calls forth an echo. Behold, I come quickly, says Christ; even so, come, Lord Jesus, respond Christians.

Family Reading.

FAR-REACHING MERCY.

*"For He maketh the sun to rise * * * and the rain to fall on the just and on the unjust."*

There is no valley so deep but there
The sunbeams, in noon-day glory shining,
May reach; and no trackless forest where,
On the moss-grown trees and wild vines twining,
The rains do not in their season fall,
And the arching heavens are over all.

There is no spot on the ocean waste,
Where lone ships lie on the billows tossing,
But thither the fav'ring winds may haste
To waft them along, the wide sea crossing,
Till led through dangers on every hand
They rest, at length, by the harbor's strand.

There is no heart in its sin so low
That Christ will deny that heart a blessing;
No soul so lonely but sweet words flow
From Jesus' lips for that soul's refreshing;
No wastes of sorrow so deep or wide
But Heaven may lie on the other side.

GETTING MARRIED.

BY THE REV. JOHN HALL, D. D.

It is very unfortunate for many that a subject so practical and important as marriage is often spoken of as if it were a mere jocular incident in human life. The opportunity to fill young minds with just and pure ideas concerning it is partially lost, and from the habit of treating matrimony as a comedy it is sometimes turned into horrible tragedy.

Marriage has its social side. Persons rise or fall or are kept from rising or falling, in a great measure, by the companions for life whom they select. Mr. Small would never by himself have amounted to much, but he had the good fortune to marry a capable, educated, energetic girl, and the result is the Small family stand among the foremost in the town.

Marriage has its prudential side. When the young people set out in disregard of the first principles of honest living, they lay the basis of many a bitter sorrow. When self denial, forethought, and careful calculation are made at the beginning, and even overmastering affection is made to bend to practical wisdom, they have laid a foundation for safe future prosperity. Tom Fawcett was desperately in love with Miss Greer, but he knew just how much it would take to "set them up," however modestly. He told her his ideas and plans; he got a savings bank book; she kept it for him; it was a salutary check on any little extravagancies to which she might have been tempted. Mr. Fawcett is now a Bank President, and Mrs. Fawcett keeps four domestics, and makes every one of them keep a savings bank book.

Marriage has an intellectual side. A man with a handsome face and fine figure, but without brains or any wish for knowledge, makes it hard for a wife of average capacity to maintain the "looking up" attitude. On the other hand, a refined and educated woman with an active mind lifts up a man who has inherent force, though, perhaps, without early advantages. A wise young fellow ought to say to himself: When that hair is less thick and glossy, when that cheek is paler, when that eye has less lustre than now, will there still remain a mind that will stimulate and strengthen mine?

Marriage has a moral side. Harry Bell admired his "girl," but he did not respect her. There was nothing wrong about her, but he did not in his heart do homage to her principle. She dazzled others; she fascinated him; he was proud of her in society. But that was all. When he had his home and his wife in it, he did not keep away the men whose looseness or coarseness would shock a good woman. Wit might be wicked, but she enjoyed it, if it was witty. So his tone was not kept up, but let down; and, unfortunately, the "boys" are bad, and the girls are not "turning out well." It might have been different if Mr. Bell had set up a higher standard of goodness.

Marriage has a personal side. A little high temper, a little dull moroseness, a little looseness of the tongue, a little—a very little—jealousy of disposition may be the ruin of two lives that ought to have been happy as one. Dear Edith was a lovely girl, but her girl friends knew that she had a "temper of her own;" and unfortunately now that she—temper and all—is Charlie's, he knows it likewise. He is most cautious in her company. A man who carries about a bag of gunpowder needs to avoid sparks. She might blow him up. On the other hand Dick Brown is, in many respects, a nice fellow, extremely precise in manner, but so jealous that his wife's own relations are watched, snubbed and at length driven from his house by him, lest they should get the affections of his wife. He has in various small ways, "cribbed, cabined and confined" her, till a sprightly, warm-hearted girl, with frank manners and an honest nature, is changed into a restrained, timid, hesitating woman. It is pitiable to see her sidelong glance at him, that she may find out whether, unobserved, she may cordially receive an old friend of her childhood. Dick might scold her, sideways, all evening, if she showed too much warmth.

These and many such matters are little thought of by too many young persons, and hence the "incompatibility," the "unpleasantness" and quarrels, ending too often in separation. The union was formed under the influence of admiration, or self-love, or ambition, or sordid gain, and it was not happy. Ah, Mr. Looker, you may buy gold too dear.

There are cases in which marriages not abstractly wise, are yet robbed of their evil in a good degree by prudent friends. A young girl becomes interested in some one; commits herself, and when he comes to ask permission of her parents to address her, every one knows that it is of no use for them to refuse. She will have him whether they like it or not. The parents are reflecting, self-controlled persons. They say to one another, "this is not the wisest choice that poor Mattie could have made, but she has made it, and we must make the best of it." So he is brought to the house; arrangements are prudently made for them; he is conciliated, influenced, guided. His respect and confidence are secured, so that instead of his standing on his insulted dignity and defiantly employing his power, he becomes ambitious to win the esteem and affection of his wife's "folks;" so he is lifted up and saved. The relations of young married people can do much to make or mar them.

There is a curious felicity some have in the circumstances of their marriage, which gives them a good "send off." They do not surprise any one when it is announced. People say it is just the thing. They do not run about the town telling everybody of the "catch," but they cement the friendship of many years by timely confidences which say, informally, "I wish you as one of my friends to know it." Their wedding is nice; there is no meanness, and no "splurge." "Her own minister," who has long known her, watched over her, who shares in her hopeful satisfaction, marries her, and his voice trembles a little as he says, "The Lord bless you!" He feels as if giving his own child to another's custody, and the bridegroom knows again from the very tones of the clergyman that he would be bad and base beyond expression if he held lightly that sacred trust. Quietly and naturally the young couple settle down into their new life, forgetting no civilities, taking on no airs, and provoking no criticism. They are beginning as they mean to end. They will not be the "talk of the town;" they will never occupy the time of a divorce court.

How to mend matters is a hard problem; but rash, inconsiderate, selfish, wicked marriages are a sore evil in society. The making of such matches is a topic of talk which in itself demoralizes, and the breaking of them, later, with more or less of form, renews the malignant influence. When old Congressman Kiteflyer married Miss Hopper, who was poor, showy, and ambitious to get to the capital, the talk about it corrupted the place. It was a bad play which everybody saw acted on the stage of actual life. He had no real love for anybody, except old Kyteflyer, and she had no true love for him. And when, a year or two after, the "old fool" sent her home, and settled with her lawyers how much he should pay, the stench was again over the place. Health officers are much needed to abate nuisances that pollute the air and send poison into the lungs; but who shall drive away the bad gases and noxious smells that blight all delicacy, and poison the gentler feelings of our people?—*N. Y. Ledger.*

ARE EMPTY HOUSES DANGEROUS?

This question may be fitly asked and answered at a season when thousands of families are thinking about deserting their homes for a few weeks, to enjoy themselves at the seaside or in travel. It is asserted that houses that have been shut up for a time may become breeders of disease when they are re-occupied, and that such disorders as typhoid fever and diphtheria have occurred under these circumstances. The cause is considered to lie in the disuse of cisterns, pipes and drains, the putrefaction that is engendered by the impure air in them, the unimpeded access of this foul air to the house, which is at all events not interfered with by the closing of doors and windows against the fresh air. There is, fortunately, a very simple remedy in such cases. On returning to town, paterfamilias should take care to see that the pipes and drains are in good order, that the cellars and closet are freed from rubbish, and that the whole house is thoroughly well aired before the fiat for repossession goes forth. Carbolic acid plentifully used in the cellar is both a cheap and valuable disinfectant. If these straightforward precautions are observed, no personal harm can result from the homecoming of the pleasure-seekers. —*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE FOR MOTHERS.

Consider it your religious duty to take out-door exercise, without fail, each day. Sweeping and trotting around the house will not take its place; the exhilaration of the open air and change of scenes are absolutely necessary. O, I know all about Lucy's gown, that "is not finished," and "Tommy's jacket," and even "his" coat thrown in your lap, as if to add the last ounce to the camel's back; still I say, up and out! Is it not more important that your children in their tender years, should not be left motherless, and that they should not be born to that feeble constitution of body which will blight every earthly blessing? Let buttons and strings go; you will take hold of them with more vigor and patience when you do return, bright and refreshed; and if every stitch be not finished at just such a moment, (and it is discouraging not to be able to systematize in your labor, even with your best efforts) still remember that "she who hath done what she could" is entitled to no mean praise. Your husband is undoubtedly "the best of men," though there are some malicious people who might say that that is not saying much for him! Still, he would never, to the end of time, dream what you were dying of; so accept my advice and take the matter in hand yourself. —*Fannie Fern.*

THE FAMILY TABLE.

Among the many practices of ordinary life which civilization has transformed, that most necessary one of eating has undergone as radical a change as any. Between the habits of the savage, who, impelled by hunger, seizes upon his prey, or digs for roots, tearing them to pieces, and devouring them, without any artificial aid, and those who attend the costly banquet of fashionable modern society, we behold so wide a difference that we can scarcely realize that they are both impelled by the same craving, and performing the same act. Even now there are two extremes into which many persons fall—the one that of gross indulgence in the animal pleasures of the table; the other, the sentimentality that regards the act of eating as something necessary indeed, but slightly vulgar in its necessity, and quite unworthy of attention or discussion. This latter class regards a small appetite as an indication of refinement and a total disregard of its claims as a proof of most enviable mental and moral superiority. It would be difficult to say which of these views is the most mistaken. The one may be an excessive reaction from the other, but certainly neither has learned the true lesson of this universal need. The satisfaction of hunger, though the first and most obvious necessity, is but one of the objects to be aimed at in the act of eating. The building up of a strong and healthy physical nature, the conservation and development of all the powers and faculties, the social and friendly relations that it may subserve, the hospitality it calls forth, the habits of neatness, order and punctuality that it may aid in forming, the kindliness and courtesy that it may suggest, are all fair and reasonable results from a proper use of nature's need in this respect.

Nowhere can these advantages be so easily and so fully realized as in the family. A modern writer has well expressed this. "Taste—the faculty through which we become conversant with the whole realm of beauty, and than which, devotion has no more efficient auxiliary—derives its name from what the ascetic deems the lowest animal enjoyment, which, however, has its range of the very highest ministries. The table is the altar of home, love and hospitality, and there are clustered around it unnumbered courtesies, kindnesses and charities that make a large part of the charm and joy of life. So far is thoughtfulness for its grateful and generous service from indicating a low type of character, that there is hardly any surer index of refinement and elegant culture, than is furnished by the family meal." The opportunities it offers are many of them unique. It brings the family together into agreeable union, for a common purpose, at stated intervals, giving a favorable occasion for cheerful conversation, interchange of interests, and closer acquaintance. It may be made the season for much useful training, which could be given at no other time. Habits of healthful eating and drinking can then be formed, the principles of hygiene can be explained and exemplified, a kindly and generous spirit can be fostered. Nameless little acts of courtesy and good breeding can then be practiced, delicate attentions rendered, gentle and refined manners cultivated.

In order, however, that the family table shall yield these and other desirable results, much thought, time and self-sacrifice must be given. It is not sufficient that opportunities are freely offered; we must also learn how to take advantage of them. The appetite must be recognized and provided for, and at the same time controlled, and made to subserve its highest purposes. The pleasures of the table must not be scorned and ignored, nor yet suffered to encroach on health and good temper. The whole subject of sustenance must be studied, so as to learn the best methods of developing the physical organization. Parents must set the example of temperance, punctuality, courteous manners and cheerful intercourse. There must be no confusion, no rudeness, no complaints, no undue attention to the character of the viands—a passing word of praise is enough, and silence is better than censure. Neither must any one be so absorbed in his own thoughts or cares as to sit silently, casting a gloom over the table. At those short periods, at least, each one should lay aside the burdens of the day, and engage in agreeable, social converse, such as *all* can unite in. Children, especially, should be encouraged to join in this—to listen attentively and to talk intelligently. The art of conversation may thus be gained almost unconsciously, and the awkward bashfulness of young persons in the presence of their elders be entirely prevented. Froebel's incomparable maxim, "Let us live *with* our children," may here find a fitting response, and leave a most salutary effect.

The duties and charms of hospitality may also contribute to make the family table a refining and educating influence. Of course this cannot be the case if the desire for display absorbs the thoughts and attention of the hosts; but if the friendly and cordial welcome be extended liberally, if we give our guest the best of *ourselves*, rather than of the market, if we are as careful to entertain his higher nature as to regale his appetite, we shall touch the true meaning, and realize the richest pleasures of hospitality. By thus providing for the natural appetite, and making it an instrument of healthful pleasure and social benefit, we can most successfully resist its encroachments upon the higher parts of our nature. Few who have been accustomed to the refining influence of a pleasant, well-ordered and healthful family table will seek the delights of the epicure, or sink into the grossness of over-eating, and every effort to secure it should be honored as throwing a safeguard around youth more potent than any laws.—*Phila. Ledger.*

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago, a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hands' light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph, and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

VACATION.

There are people who do not take a vacation because they conscientiously cannot; there are those who don't take one because they won't; there are those who, taking, make something in the way of health, amusement or acquirement of knowledge out of their vacation, and there are those who only intensify the inconsequence of their existence by travel.

About the only thing to be said is, that every one ought to have sense enough to know how, and when, and where to take his or her vacation, and to avoid the idea that the recreation of another is a guarantee that the same place and things will give pleasure to the imitator. Means, tastes, habits, sex, time of life are all factors, and where these coincide the fact of no or hasty and limited acquaintanceship is sufficient with many to militate against the crowd. The law of variety is as universal as any other law. It is as beneficial as it is pleasant to get occasionally out of the ruts. But it is not essential that the change should be far in distance or great in kind. The vacation, simply as a vacation from accustomed work and in behalf of physical and mental recuperation, may often better be taken at home; that is to say with such excursions as do not break up the home-life; or in many cases the habit of turning daily, for an hour or two, from the ordinary routine, and in indulging in reading, study or work of a different character, will be a perpetual and sufficient vacation.

One thing is absolutely certain, change of place is not the essential; it is change of thoughts, of care, of responsibility. Worry among the hills or in Europe is as depressing and destructive as worry in the counting room or manufactory—even more so, for distance precludes its alleviation by the endeavor to remove its cause. The formal, fashionable and legal vacation ought to be the occasion for the renewal of strength of body and of mind. How far it is so, fortunately perhaps, we have no statistics to show. —*Providence Journal.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

BOUQUET-MAKING.

A bouquet seems an easy thing to make when all the flowers are so beautifully separated. Surely just to pick them and put in a vase is simple and easy enough, but alas! nature possesses a subtle secret for blending colors which we poor mortals can not wrest from her. The moment we transfer them from their garden home to our drawing-room the charm is gone. Then experience comes to our aid and gives us the following useful hints. *Don't crowd your flowers.* Flowers have their individualities and affinities, which we must recognize and respect. For example, a spike of brilliant scarlet Gladiolus, with a feathery bunch of Asparagus, and a gleam of white Feverfew here and there, will light a shady corner like a torch, but smother your stately blossoms with Phlox, Verbenas, and a host of floral beauties, you will see at a glance how the effect is weakened. Again, Petunias, with their stiff sprangly stems and delicate blossoms, are very difficult to combine with any other flower, but give them a wide-mouthed vase, and no rivals, and they are positively graceful, while their delicate perfume fills the room with its fragrance.

Mass your Colors.—This is of great importance. Put your scarlets and crimsons and purples in separate bunches, use white to blend them, and you can not fail of good effect. Yellow is the sunshine of a bouquet, but it must be used sparingly, or it will produce a glare. A wise choice of this color always lends cheerfulness.

Saucer Bouquets.—In making these you can use flowers too choice to pick up in quantities, and those not adapted to other bouquets, like the Balsam, Stock, etc.

A fern-bed in some shady corner is a great help in giving lightness and relief to the solid flowers in this mode of arrangement. Rose geranium leaves alternating with Fern-tips, make a beautiful edge about any shallow dish; next lay some stiff stems criss cross on the water to prevent the blossoms sinking; then lay in Balsams, Pansies, a Tea-rose, or any dainty blossom you have, being careful to have plenty of Sweet Alyssum or some fine white flower to blend, and you will be charmed with the result.

When stemless flowers are used, like a Tuberose or a single flower from a truss of Geranium, stems can be made of matches, tooth-picks, or coarse broom splits, and the blossom tied or wired on.

A low glass dish filled with damp moss, edged with geranium leaves and filled in with Sweet Alyssum for a ground work, then Pansies stemmed in the above manner and set star-like against the whiteness, makes the loveliest center-table ornament one can have. By saturating with fresh water such a bouquet will keep its freshness much longer than ordinary bouquets. A large shell filled with damp sand, and Smilax, Kenilworth Ivy, or any fine creeper falling over its edge, a few trusses of Verbena, some Golden Calliopsis and a dash of white will throw a glow of brightness from a bracket-shell.

Miscellaneous.

THE AFTERTIME.

A wee cot house abune the knowe,
A snod flower-yard wi' mony a posie,
Where lilacs bloom and myrtles grow
Beside a bower fu' snug and cosie,
'Twas there I woo'd my winsome May;
'Twas there I pressed her to my bosom,
When Spring keeked oot frae bank and brae
In mony a bud and mony a blossom.

An auld kirk stands beside the stream
That wimples through the daisied meadow,
Where cowslips glint and lilies gleam
Beneath the spreading bourtree's shadow;
'Twas there I wed my bonnie bride,
When Summer light was fain to linger,
'Twas there, while nestling at my side,
I placed the goud ring on her finger.

A lonely kirkyaird i' the glen,
Where mony a pearlie tear has fallen,
Where silence seals the strifes o' men,
Whate'er their rank, whate'er their callin'—
When Winter's blast piped i' the grove,
When lingering blooms had fa'n and perished,
'Twas there I laid my early love,
Beside a babe we baith had cherished.

But there's a lan' ayont the blue
That kens nought o' our kittle weather,
Where a' the leal and guid and true,
Though pairted lang may yet forgather.
There sits she by the gouden gates—
For there I hae a tryst to meet her;
But love that strengthens while it waits
Makes a' the aftertime the sweeter.

—*Good Words.*

ALCOHOL AS A DESTROYER.

The death, from alcoholism, of Mr. Edward Varden Stuart, at a five-cent underground lodging-house in New York, is one of the most impressive temperance lectures we have lately met with. Here was a man who differed from the vast majority of these cases in this: That, whereas most men are driven to intemperance by trouble of a domestic or business kind, Mr. Stuart had everything that should make life worth having. He had a wife to whom he was attached and two young children, before the one cast him off on account of his drink habit, and the others were taken from the charge of a father unable to take care of them. In business he was prosperous until he neglected it for drink. He was a man of cultivated mind, and therefore had resources which the mass of men have not. What was there in a lot like this to drive a reasonable being to a course which has found its logical and perhaps its happiest end in a lonely death upon filthy straw, with the head resting on a stained and verminous pillow? The answer is that when alcohol has once thoroughly mastered a man he is no longer a reasonable being or a free agent, but is bound hand and foot, and as powerless to release himself as was poor Mrs. Hull under the murderous grip of Chastine Cox.

Many men, as we have said, lose one by one all the cherished things and persons that make life dear. The only hope left them is the eternal tranquility of the narrow house where no sad memories, nor anxious forebodings, nor vain regrets can enter. We cannot wonder if the desolate and friendless drink, for is it not a Divine prescription?—"Give wine to him that is ready to perish that he may remember his misery no more."

But the case is far otherwise when a man, surrounded by comforts, including hosts of friends—and friendship, as Cicero tells us, is the richest furniture of life—throws them all away for the momentary delirious pleasure of alcohol, involving anguish of mind and body which not even the pen of Dickens ever adequately described. A good business, as in Mr. Stuart's case, is first ruined by the destroying stimulant; then the wife, so dear when first she forgot for a husband's love "her own people and her father's house," is neglected or abused until she leaves a home which is no home to her and a man who is no man. The wistful faces of the little children plead with the once loving father in vain. He cannot see things as they are. He does not, cannot feel, for alcohol has its grip upon his heart and brain. Let the children follow the wife; he will think matters over, he argues, over a quiet bottle by himself. All will come right in time. He even tries to pray, but it is the prayer of St. Augustine in his sinful youth, "Convert me, Lord; convert me, Lord; but not to-day." No; any day but this; to-morrow or next day, when my nerves are stronger and my head is clearer, says the drunkard; but not to-day.

Let us follow up the picture, for it will be recognized as a true one by many men who will read this right here in Brooklyn. Imperceptibly to them, as to Mr. Stuart, the process of change is going on. They have lost business and home and friends, as he did, yet still they drink. It is only when half drunk that life loses for them its gloomy outlook and wears the hopeful colors of a renovated youth. The vital mistake they make is the same as his, namely, that feeling happy is happiness, and that feeling despondent for a time argues that our condition in the world is hopeless. No man ever yet conquered alcohol who was not helped back into at least a moderate amount of respectability and comfort. But these men are too impatient to wait for daybreak. They must drink till the good time comes, although in their lucid moments they know well that the good time can never come while they drink.

Step by step, little by little, they go down. The prosperous merchant of Baltimore peddled pencils for a living in New York. A mother's love—the most lasting of all human affections—still followed him, and every now and then the generous answer came to his appeal for help. But prosperity was even worse for him than adversity. With her money he could drink good brandy instead of sloppy beer and poisonous five-cent whisky.

Nor were strangers neglectful of him, for in spite of cynical and dyspeptic pessimists, the world is not full of cold-hearted people. A business man who knew him slightly persuaded Mr. Stuart to go to the Christian Home for Intemperate Men, in Seventy-eighth street, New York, an institution which deserves to be better known than it is, but which is known to more than one resident in Brooklyn, for the kindly shelter it has given him when trying to break away from drink. Yet how vain are the efforts of philanthropy, when the disease of alcoholism has ruled the veins and mind for years! Only a month ago a New York merchant in good circumstances, soon after leaving the Home, shot himself through the brain. Shortly before that, a patient left, saying he had found employment, and has never been heard of since. And now Mr. Stuart, who had left that peaceful retreat but a few weeks, dies, a forsaken outcast, in a five-cent lodging underground. How many more who, on leaving Mr. Bunting's Home, have spoken so confidently of their own self-control may end as Stuart did, or even more miserably?

Such cases would seem to show that where the system has been habituated through a course of years to alcohol, so that the abnormal state has become the normal, and the man feels that a stimulant is necessary to bring his nervous system to a natural level, a stay of two weeks or a month in a Home for the Intemperate is not likely to produce a permanent result. At Mr. Bunting's Christian influences are the only medicine relied on, and it is hoped that the patient's heart being touched by the renewing and pardoning hand of the Saviour, he will go forth a new man and conquer in a higher strength than his own. But religious emotions are so deceptive that a man will in perfect sincerity make professions when broken down by alcohol which he will forget as soon as the doors of the Home are closed behind him. The wonder is not that this should be the case with so many, but that in a great number of other cases the man thoroughly in earnest to reform should report himself during one, two, and three years—during which this excellent home has existed—as never swerving from the drunkard's only cure, total abstinence, as well from beer as from spirits.

Mr. Stuart's lamentable end is a lesson which all hard drinkers should lay to heart. The time has come to speak plainly of an evil which meets us at every corner and threatens the whole domestic and social character of the country.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A WHITE RACE IN AFRICA.

Major Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese traveler in Africa who recently turned up at Durban, has been lecturing on his travels at Lisbon. In his address which is translated in the *Standard*, he testifies distinctly to the existence of a white race in Central Africa, living in territory "between the Cuchi and the Cubango." He himself spoke to men of this race, whom he describes as "whiter than Caucasians," who call themselves Cassequers, and are not bad people, though totally uncivilized. They have tufts of hair on their heads, like short wool. They have eyes like the Chinese, are powerful, and live a nomadic life. It is of course possible that an albino family should have multiplied, but it is more probable that a small party of Vandals or Goths were forced southward, or tried to explore southward, were compelled by circumstances to remain and, being separated from all around them by their color, have survived as a distinct tribe. An almost perfectly white tribe exists in the Atlas, the descendants, it is supposed, of Romans who fled to the mountain for protection against the barbarians, and as far as is yet known, climate has little influence on color. The Copts remain white and the Tasmanians were quite black, though they had always lived in a climate nearly identical with that of Britain.

Major Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese Stanley, is strong and muscular, although of light limb and frame, and is of a genial and happy disposition not easily overcome by difficulties. The Portuguese colony in Pernambuco have presented him with a valuable gold medal, set with pearls and brilliants and bearing a suitable inscription. It is said while the journey of Cameron cost £6,000 and that of Stanley about £9,000, Serpa Pinto has spent less than £1,000 all told. To the King he has offered several skins of wild beasts, and he asked her Majesty's acceptance of a splendid collection of ostrich feathers which he had taken in the desert of Calhari and which in the Transvaal were reputed to be superior to those presented some years ago to the Queen of Holland by the Dutch merchants of the republic.—*London Spectator.*

CHINESE MILITARY REVIVAL.

In the present military revival in China, it is said, old plans have in many cases been adhered to. There are still squadrons of junks, and still troops armed with shields, and spears, and bows and arrows. Not long ago a visitor saw in the course of a few hours' trip from the Taku forts to the city of Tientsin, guards of soldiers armed with Remington breech-loaders, match-lock men, archers, river junks carrying smooth-bores, and trim steam gunboats mounting Krup breech-loading cannon. But the old is fast being replaced by the new. In China the vastness of the scale of everything precludes the possibility of rapid and sweeping reform. Nothing, in all that world of wonders, probably strikes a visitor to the capital more than the immense mounds in which the salt—the sale of which is a Government monopoly—is stored. Merely covered with mats, much that can be very ill-spared is annually wasted in the wet season, and every vice that can be laid to the charge of a monopolist institution is aggravated in this one. The authorities are not blind to it. A year or two ago an eminent member of the Imperial Government said on this subject:—"We are most anxious to abolish it, but 100,000 employes and their families are directly dependent on the existence of this monopoly; how can we provide for them, under the actual circumstances of the country, if we disestablish them?" So, too, the old naval and military organizations are not things to be swept away in a moment; they at least continue to serve a good purpose in the maintenance of internal order.

AMERICAN FORESTS.

Of a desolation recorded far back of even the days of Grecian glory: "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes on thick trees." In the days when American forests were practically limitless, our fathers were far too famous for lifting up axes on the trees. Trusting to what seemed employment, skilled laborers have made their homes where the streams appeared permanent. Then as the summers came and went, the river grew more and more feeble till the spindles were silent. Then the flood turns that stream to a demon of destruction. The cause of all this was that the sources of the river's life have been injured or destroyed by men who lifted up axes on the thick trees far up the mountain where the mill streams have their birth.

Next to production in importance, is the question of transportation as involved in navigation. Less than a quarter of the traction is needed to move a ton afloat, than is needed to move it by rail.

Many of the streams constituting Britain's inland navigation are so small as to be spoken of as "brooks" in the Parliamentary acts giving rights to companies to use them. One of these combined canal and river courses takes freight at the southwest of England to the Severn; up historic little Avon; across Wiltshire to the Thames, and down to London. All this will be so improved on that in a few years the speed between steam canal boats and that of the average freight train will be materially reduced. Britain's inland transport lines, thus exceed the length of her rail lines.

Agriculture does not need sacrifice of trees, to save streams for navigation or manufactures. The identical condition of rain or dew fall needed by either is needed for all. Seasons seldom pass in which farmers would not have from one to three-fourths added to their yield by a more equal distribution of rainfall. High culture proves an acre properly watered, may yield as much as seven or more treated in the usual ways.

Single trees have been burned in America in log heaps, which, cut into veneers, would sell for more nett cash than the whole farm where it grew. When our forests are as well treated as those of Europe, few trees will be cut except by advice of a forest engineer.—*Harper's Monthly.*

HOW THE INDIANS MADE THEIR ARROW-HEADS.

A young man in the Smithsonian Institution, writes the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*, has just made public the discovery of the method employed in making the stone and volcanic glass arrow-heads, daggers, knives, axes, and razors of the prehistoric races. Up to this time this has been a great problem to all antiquarian students, but no theory has ever been advanced showing such practical results as Cushing's. He started to solve the difficulty by putting himself in the identical position of the Aztecs or Mound-Builders—without anything to work with except sticks, various-shaped stones such as he could find on the banks of any stream, and his hands. After making some rude implements by chipping one flint with another, he discovered that no amount of chippings would produce surfaces like the best of those which he was trying to imitate. He therefore came to the conclusion that there was another way of doing it, and, by chance tried pressure with the point of a stick, instead of chipping by blows of a stone; when, presto! he found that he could break stone, flint, and obsidian in any shape he chose. Soon he had made spear-heads and daggers that would cut like a razor, as good as any he had before him, which had been picked up from all over the world. By a little more observation he found that the "flaking," which he calls his process, on the old arrow-head left grooves that all turned one way. He produced a like result by turning his stick the easiest way from right to left. He therefore concludes that the prehistorics were right-handed people like ourselves. This conclusion is reinforced by the fact that occasionally an arrow-head is found that has flakes running from left to right, showing a left-handed person. The importance of this discovery is that it shows that the early races were able to do this work without the use of iron or bronze, a thing long doubted.

THE GROWTH OF WHEAT.

An extensive series of original illustrations has just been placed in one of the public rooms of the botanical department of the British Museum. They illustrate the structure and germination of the grain of wheat, the growth, development, and structure of the wheat plant, and the nature of the numerous diseases to which it and other cereal crops are subject. They were drawn from nature, by Francis Bauer, who justly held a first place among scientific draughtsmen for the remarkable combination of accurate observation and artistic skill which were found in him. The admirable series of drawings now on exhibition constitutes the most splendid monument to Mr. Bauer's extraordinary talents as an artist and his skill as a microscopic observer. The life of the wheat from the seed to the production of the ripe grain is represented by drawings of plants beginning with one on the third day after sowing, and continuing at short intervals throughout its life-history, and accompanied with illustrations of the minute structure of the various parts of the plant, its root, stem, leaf, flower, and seed. To these is added an equally extensive series, exhibiting the aspects of wheat and other cereals under the influence of disease, with the minutest details of the parasitic fungi, and the small animals that are the causes of these diseases. Here the practical cultivator may see the microscopic enemies which often destroy his crops, and may trace the progress of the disease and the various phases in the lives of the parasites. The exhibition is made more instructive by the clear explanatory label which is affixed to each drawing.

Selections.

Great wants proceed from great wealth, and make riches almost equal to poverty.

The true and sure recipe for being miserable is to quarrel with Providence.—*J. W. Alexander.*

The whole question is not whether sin tempts or not, but whether it reigns or not.—*Brownlow North.*

Augustine said, "Faith is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe."

If your heart is humbled under a sense of sin and unworthiness, it is one of the palaces of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husks.—*George Macdonald.*

All the blessings of the Gospel are for "whosoever will." Are you willing? then they are for *you;* believe this, and what becomes of all your doubts and fears?

A ship on the broad, boisterous and open ocean needeth no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid bosom of a little river, lest it be wrecked by some hidden rock. Thus it is with life. 'Tis not in our open, exposed deeds that we so much need the still voice of the silent monitor, as in the small, secret, every-day acts of our life.

The line of supernatural life may run wholly in the midst of little and lowly things. If one sign surer than any other be chosen to mark the progress of the Divine life, it is when sanctity prevails even in the minutest points of character, and in ordinary ways. The casual act may tell more of the secret power of Jesus in the soul, than world-famed acts of self-devotion.—*Rev. T. T. Carter.*

Science and Art.

Etching on Glass.—Etching on glass is performed by laying on the glass a ground of beeswax, and drawing the design thereon with the needle, as in etching upon copper. Sulphuric acid is then poured on, and fluor spar sprinkled on it. After four or five hours it is taken off, and the work cleaned with oil or turpentine.

Military Boots.—The French military authorities have condemned the shoe and gaiter, and favor the adoption of a boot which is formed of two pieces of leather, reaches some way above the ankle, and opens on the outside of the leg from the top to below the ankle bone. This opening is covered by a piece of soft leather, and closed by three short leather strings fastened to the boot on one side and three buttons. The pressure upon the instep and the tightness of the upper part round the leg can be regulated at pleasure; during any temporary halt, a man can throw the boot open and allow the air to circulate around and cool his feet; it can be put on and fastened without trouble in the dark; it effectually keeps out wet and dust, and the bottoms of the trowsers can be worn either inside or outside the boot. This description is somewhat attractive to the civilian boot wearer, and we hope samples may soon find their way across the ocean. The boot is the invention of a French officer.

Baits for Insects.—Experiments have lately been made in France with a view to establishing the best baits for insect traps. A number of glass fly-traps, filled with different liquids, sweet and sour, were placed under some fruit trees subject to the attacks of flies and other insects. The traps were baited with honey, weak wine and water, beer and water, vinegar and water, pure beer, pure wine, crushed pears and water, and other liquids; then the victims were counted, after the traps had been exposed for three weeks, with the following results: The trap containing beer and water stood at the head, and contained 850 flies and other insects; pure beer stood next, with 631; the crushed pears, weak wine and pure wine coming next, pure honey being at the bottom of the list, with only seventeen victims. The fermentation of the beer and water no doubt attracted the insects by its odor, but it would hardly be safe to assume that it would prove equally attractive in all instances. The tastes of insects may vary with seasons and localities, and experiment alone can decide what is best in a given place.

Frescoes from La Farnesina.—Late reports from Rome say that with two exceptions, the splendid mural paintings discovered on the grounds of the Palazzo Farnesina, have all been safely removed from the walls. They are thirty-two in number, are all in the Græco-Roman manner, and were found in a wonderful state of preservation. Their artistic merit is said to be very great. Although painted at the beginning of the Christian era, they are as fresh as if painted at the present day. In each case the lower portion of the wall is covered with landscapes, and above are dramatic, historic, or mythological scenes which archæologists are now endeavoring to interpret. When a painting is detached, each with a coat of plaster adhering to it, it is carefully packed in a separate case and then transported to a large room set apart to receive it, in which it is to be carefully unpacked and framed. A short time ago the men who are in charge of the work succeeded in removing from the Farnesina grounds to a point near the Palatine Hill, a picture 144 feet by 24 feet in size and which weighed several tons. It is well known that the floor of the palace is only a few feet above the low water mark of the Tiber which flows along its side, and that in the month of May inundations are frequent. Last May the river overflowed the house and washed the frescoes no fewer than seven times. The Tiber in the time of Augustus was not more than two or three feet below its present mark, so that it would seem to follow, that in 1,800 years, the frescoes have been washed several thousand times. But since the frescoes are so well preserved it is argued that this is impossible, and to escape the dilemma thus presented, it is held that in earlier times Father Tiber behaved himself better than he does now, and left his banks at only rare intervals.

Personal.

John B. Gough is now in his 62d year, and has not been in bed a whole day from sickness for thirty-three years.

Dr. F. J. Le Moyne, the famous cremationist, has given the sum of $20,000 to endow the chair of applied mathematics of Washington and Jefferson college.

Queen Victoria has recently visited Italy. Before leaving the country she sent a gift of 500 francs or about a hundred dollars to the Wesleyan Methodist schools at Intras.

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher of Elmira, N. Y., brother of Henry Ward Beecher, is an advocate of cremation, and wants to become one of a stock company to set up the business.

Professor Swing, of Chicago, having left the Presbyterian Church on account of Professor Patton's prosecutions for heresy, now declares that the theology of the latter is untrue both as to God and man.

Books and Periodicals.

Littell's Living Age, No. 1834, August 9, 1879. Contents.—Wordsworth, by Matthew Arnold, *Macmillan's Magazine;* The Bride's Pass, by Sarah Tytler, author of "What She Came Through," "Lady Bell," etc. Part XV., *Advance Sheets;* Food and Feeding, by Sir Henry Thompson. Conclusion, *Nineteenth Century;* The Ghost of Morcar's Tower, *Blackwood's Magazine;* Moose-Hunting in Canada, *Nineteenth Century;* The Last Jewish Revolt, *Contemporary Review;* How to Popularize Wordsworth, *Spectator;* Egyptian Exiles, *Saturday Review;* The Journey of Colonel Prjevalsky towards Tibet, *Spectator;* Poetry. Published every Saturday by Littell & Co., Boston.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS. D. D, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D., Rev. T. J. BARKLEY, Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1879.

PRAY FOR THE SYNODS.

The Synods, which are to elect the members of the Peace Commission, will soon convene, and if the movement is to be carried forward in the spirit with which it began, the Church will not forget the duty of constant and earnest prayer. We are sure, that our people and pastors want some understanding, which will give them rest from the turmoil which has so long discouraged their efforts to do good, and nothing will prevent this, unless it be defeated by those who claim to be firm in their principles, when they are only obstinate in their prejudices. There are such men in every Church—men who will be satisfied with nothing less than personal victory over those to whom they have taken a dislike. There is a spirit that shows itself in all that they say; it always casts some vague reflection upon others, as though this dark background were necessary to make their own piety and orthodoxy shine out the more brightly. From such men, we should all pray, "Good Lord, deliver us." And if there be such an one on either side of any controversy, we hope he will have no following. The well-being of the Church is greater than the whims of any individual, and there will be an awful reckoning if factious spirits show their determination to rule or ruin. We believe there will be no difficulty in adjusting beliefs and practices, if the false pre judgments which blind men, are removed; but this kind cometh out only by fasting and prayer, and it is the Church's solemn duty, to ask the aid of God's enlightening, sanctifying Spirit, in order that her deliberations may be according to His will.

AN OFFER DECLINED.

A firm in Washington, D. C., sends us a lithographed letter which it proposes we shall pass off as "coming from our own correspondent at Paris." This firm promises to furnish us with a regular series of such letters, if we will, in return, insert its business advertisement, and subsidize the MESSENGER to pour water on its wheel. It presumes we are hard up for matter, now that Congress has adjourned, as if the proceedings of that body contributed the staple of news, most interesting to our readers.

The letter before us is printed in scrip, with regular pages, erasures and proof-reader's marks upon it, as if designed to shut up the eyes of the very compositors to the deception. The accompanying circular says, "the same correspondence shall be sent to no other paper in your circulating area." Such letters are offered to a great many journals, very few of which are poor enough to accept them; and the one under consideration might well be thrown into the waste basket, if it did not afford an opportunity to expose the fraud to which it would make us a party. There is here a consciousness of weakness, and an effort to hide it, like that of the guilty man who goes upon the presumption that although sin has many tools, a lie is the handle that fits them all. The way the "manuscript," which the public never sees, is prepared, shows an unwillingness to trust even a type-setter, and the idea, that all this trouble and expense should be incurred for a certain paper, whose circulation is within a given "area," about which the firm knows little and cares less, is too preposterous to be dwelt upon. Even the circular is engraved for general distribution. As to the letter itself, we would suggest, that if the author cannot get it copy-righted, he had better take out a patent for the statements it contains, as pure inventions. No; if we wished to impose upon the public, we could manufacture better communications out of Associate Press despatches, without running the risk of exposure, by reason of the remarkable coincidence of other minds in their correspondence with other journals. But we reject the whole proposal, on higher moral grounds, and refrain from giving the name of the firm, only because its announcement might invite some other kind of trickery from those who may be disposed to engage in sharp practices, with patents, etc.

A SINGULAR ILLUSION.

The *Reformirte Kirchenzeitung* of the 7th inst., says, in a brief editorial, "In an English Church paper, a short time ago, the English was called the national language of America. This is a mistake. The English is the national language of England. In America it is not the national, but the official language, and the language of the great majority of the people."

This, it must be admitted, is bringing things down to very nice points. It is, indeed, a distinction without a difference. As well might we say, that the German is not the national, but only the official language of Germany, because many of the members of the nation speak French and other languages! The same line of remark holds good with regard to England and other countries.

Having no other blood in our veins but that which is purely of German origin, though of the third American generation, we are second to no one in our appreciation of the German language and German literature, and of German life and energy, both in religious and political matters, and in our zeal for upholding them within proper limits and through proper means. Still, the position indicated by the language quoted, is far in advance of anything we are capable of reaching, with all our native predilections. It is one, too, the maintenance of which has, in the past, cost the Reformed Church in this country, much in the way of numbers, position and influence.

The English is emphatically the prevailing language of this country. It is so incorporated with the history and inmost life of the American nation, that it can never, except by a miracle, be displaced from this position. It is folly to indulge any expectation to the contrary. The sooner any people, who make this country their home, can learn this, and seek to adapt themselves accordingly, the better it will be for themselves, as well as for the country.

Of course, no disparagement of the German language and German life and character is here thought of or intended; nor would we seek to undervalue any other language and nationality except the English. Still, the folly of contending against the inevitable is so manifest and absurd, that one should think every intelligent person, who keeps his eyes open, could not fail to see it, and be induced to shape his thoughts and actions accordingly. We are an *American* people, made up, it is true, of many nationalities, of which the English is the first and fundamental; still, we are *one* people and *one* nationality, and the English is, by force of circumstances, the recognized language of the nation, just as German is the recognized language of Germany.

F.

THE REFORMED QUARTERLY REVIEW.

We have failed to notice the July number of this periodical, until now, through inadvertence, for which we beg the pardon of the editor and our readers. Subscribers have already received their copies, and doubtless read them, so that they have been able to judge of the contents for themselves, but there are others whose attention should be called to the work. Indeed, it is for the benefit of those who are *not* subscribers, that these notices are generally written, and it is in the hope of exciting an interest in them, that we refer to the subject now.

The Table of Contents for the July issue is as follows:

1. Observations on Russia. By H. P. Laird, Esq. 2. Is Human Nature Religious? By Rev. E. V. Gerhart, D. D. 3. Old Testament Doctrine of the Spirit of Man. By Prof. F. A. Gast, D. D. 3. Erweckliche Predigt. By H. J. Reutenik, D. D. 5. The Warfare of Life. By the Editor. 6. A Review of an Article on the Numbers of Genesis. By J. E. Kerschner, A. B. 7. The Teuton in Civilization. By Jer. S. Hess. 8. The Kingdom of God. By a Presbyter of the Diocese of Ohio. 9. Recent Publications.

It will be seen from the above, that there is a great variety of subjects, and we claim that the ability shown by the writers is equal to that exhibited in any periodical of the kind in the land. This has been the general character of the contributions to the *Review* since the time of its foundation, and ministers and laymen who wished to learn, have always been able to find in them food for thought. It has never been claimed, as some have erroneously asserted, that our people have come into full harmony upon all the topics discussed; but only that up to a given time, and upon certain points, there was unity, which might be the basis for future Church work; but be that as it may, it has been felt that further controversy about some things would be unprofitable, and the hope has been expressed by the General Synod, that some ultimate agreement may be reached. In consideration of this, the *Review* has changed its tone, leaving the past to bury its dead, but this, we hope, will not disadvantageously affect the interest of our people in it. The themes discussed will be broader in their nature, and the ability with which they are treated will be none the less marked. It would be well, if the experiment of making this periodical a general organ of the Church could be fairly tried, but in order to do this, its subscription list should be largely increased.

A new feature in the Number before us is an article in the German language, by Dr. Reutenik, who we believe originally proposed this idea, in order that the Germans might share the advantage of the *Review*. The article is a very good one, and illustrates what may be done when there is a right spirit.

THE CONOQUENESSING VALLEY.

In the year of grace, 1805, a company of emigrants from Suabia, Germany—about four hundred in number—crossed the Alleghenies, and settled in the south-western corner of Butler county, Pa. Their leader was a man named Rapp, who, according to tradition, was a strange mixture of pietistic zeal, tyranny, asceticism, bigotry and ambition. They were a queer set, and no doubt expected to realize in the seclusion of the then almost unbroken wilderness, the deceptive dream of a perfect community; or a mode of life that should be free from the follies and extravagances of the world. They located on the banks of the beautiful Conoquenessing, in a most fertile valley, on a tract of ten thousand acres of land. They built a town and called it Harmony, with narrow streets, steep-roofed houses with walls two feet thick, and door frames made of stone. They built a church, or what has since become a church, in the centre of the town. In it the gospel according to Rapp, who was both priest and king, was proclaimed; and here, too, the orders relating to the labor and conduct of the members were issued from time to time. Truly, they were a peculiar people. The merry wedding bells never gladdened their hearts; for they considered marriage sinful. The prattle of childhood was never heard in their homes. The father's care and the mother's tenderness were unknown, because they ignored the tenderest relation into which men and women can enter.

Having lived here a number of years, they sold their possessions to a Mr. Ziegler, of Lehigh county. In 1826, a Reformed congregation was organized at Harmony, by the Rev. Henry Koch. Mr. Ziegler sold the old Harmonite church to this congregation for three hundred dollars. It has since been remodeled, and while the walls and general appearance of the building bear the marks of the original builders, not excepting the quaint old clock that marked the time for Rapp and his people, and still ticks in the tower, it has been so changed, that it is well adapted to the wants of a Christian congregation.

Besides the Rev. H. Koch, who organized the congregation, the records show, that the following ministers were its pastors: Rahauser, Minick, Daubert, Winter, J. F. Dieffenbacher—who laid down his shepherd's crook while in their midst. His ashes rest in the cemetery near the town—S. Miller, Joseph Miller, Weidtman, Cort, Dechant, Landis, and Edmonds, who is yet with them, his pastorate having already extended over a period of nine years.

The congregation has steadily increased in numbers and influence. It now numbers very nearly three hundred communicant members, many of whom are descendants of the staid old Menonites, who settled in the valley after the departure of the Harmonites.

In many respects, it is the best congregation in the Allegheny Classis. Its large number of young people gives promise of great things in the future. The large, well-cultivated farms, stretching for miles along the Conoquenessing, and occupying by far the richest and most beautiful part of the valley, belong to members of the Harmony congregation. It is a goodly heritage.

B.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

The subscription list of the MESSENGER is steadily increasing, and is now in a more healthy condition than ever before. Wherever proper efforts have been made, large numbers of subscribers have been added, and this only goes to show how easily the paper might be put upon a solid basis.

Somehow, the deficiency in this regard is generally attributed to the ministers. To test the truth of this, let any pastor consult the list of his church members, and see what proportion of them take the paper. It will be found in almost every instance, that the percentage of subscribers is very low. Then, if he says his people are unable and unwilling to subscribe, let him ask his Methodist colleague how it is in *his* congregations. He will receive the answer, that almost every member of a class-meeting, whether rich citizen or poor hired girl, feels bound to take such papers as the Conference recommends, and that it is every minister's duty to see that this is attended to, and report back to Conference upon this point as strictly as upon any other. The difference in the two Churches will be found to be owing, not to any perverseness among our people, but to the inactivity of pastors.

This is certainly very short-sighted policy. The influence of the religious press is a very great help to intelligent, earnest piety, and those who are true to their own interests, will not allow such an instrumentality to be unemployed. The Church papers are, under God, the best allies of the pastors.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Churchtown is a village of about four hundred inhabitants, situated in one of the most beautiful parts of the great Cumberland valley, and is noted for the good morals, quiet enterprise and general intelligence of its people. Here, in part, we spent the first three and a half years of our ministry; here we entered the matrimonial state, and here, therefore, is the place to which the annual visit is made to grandpa's.

And now something about grandpa. He has been a great-grandpa, for that matter, this many a year—this Jacob Plank, Sen. He was born during the first term of Washington's administration, in 1792, and is, therefore, nearly eighty-seven years of age, nearly as old as our great republic itself. Very stooped and tottering, and feeble in mind and body, of course? No, not a bit of it; he is straight enough for a man of fifty, walks with an elastic and firm step,—and he walks much,—keeps abreast with the times and progress of the day, has no antiquated notions, nor kinks of any kind, his mental faculties are bright as silver, and he attends to all the ordinary affairs of home with ease and with the greatest exactness. More still—he can manage a horse of whatever blood and mettle, either in saddle or vehicle, and declares he can still beat all his numerous sons and grandsons riding horseback—and he can. An active and earnest life has been his. And wherein lies the secret of his flourishing old age? Perhaps we can tell.

Inheriting a good physical constitution, he never abused the gift by indulgence in strong drink, or by excess of any kind; temperate in all things; formed good habits and stuck to them; and never could be tempted to commit known violations of the laws of health. In morals, he has always been strict to the letter, yet without austerity; true to the golden rule; firm, consistent and moderate in all things, and constantly endeavoring to conform in spirit and manner to the teachings of God's word.

Thus balanced in body and spirit, duly regarding the claims of the spiritual and temporal, this man has reached the advanced age of eighty-seven years, his eye not dim and his natural force not abated. Having been true to the laws which are designed for the regulation of life he now reaps the reward which but few have the right to claim in this world at so great age; a sound mind in a sound body, and a conscience void of offence. To him the language of Joshua is applicable: "And now, behold, the Lord hath kept me alive, as He said—and now, lo, I am this day four-score and five years old. As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me." With him is grandma, now four-score, equally remarkable for sound health, piety and good works. And so this venerable couple continue in their hospitable home, the centre to which gravitate, from time to time, their numerous descendants. May the time be yet far distant when this patriarchal home shall be broken up; and to this sentiment many a Reformed minister, having enjoyed the hospitality of that house, will say—*Amen.*

The Reformed congregation here belongs now to the Sulphur Springs charge, of which the Rev. Geo. E. Addams is pastor. The prospects of this church are good, and the people seem to be quite encouraged. The whole charge, we believe, is waking up under the pastorate of our big brother. May his shadow never grow less! We called to see him, but found that, with wife and little folks, he also went away, "some time to stay."

We made a flying visit to Lebanon. Here the Reformed Church is a power. The First church, with its thousand members, will, we suppose, soon swarm again and establish another, like St. John's, then grow faster than ever and swarm again, and so on, *ad infinitum.* So will all the other overcrowded churches of our Zion in the great Eastern Synod—*will* they? Drs. Kremer and Johnston work harmoniously, side by side, and so the work prospers, as, in union there is strength. More workmen, men full of the Holy Ghost and properly trained for the service are needed here. There is a limit to the human powers, and the bow drawn too far must break. The Roman Catholic Church would send a half dozen priests to a field like that—and our Church is as good as the Romish any time. We are beginning to have unemployed ministers: give them work, ye brethren of overgrown charges.

While at Lebanon, we went, in company with Dr. Kremer, to the court-house, to hear the arguments for and against granting a new trial to the six murderers of the old man Raber. A jury had found them all guilty of murder in the first degree. The six prisoners sat in a row directly opposite us. Most of them looked like decent men. They appeared scarcely to realize their almost certain doom. We did not learn the judicial decision, but in all probability a new trial will not be granted, and these six men must pay the penalty for their crime, and satisfy the demands of justice on the gallows. It is one of the most remarkable cases on record. The murder was the result of a long-considered plan, and was one of the most cold-blooded and brutal that has ever swelled the annals of crime. And all for what? Not suddenly-aroused vengeance or hate, but *love—the love of*

money! Verily, that is the root of all evil. K.

Notes and Quotes.

Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, New York, in his "Manual of the Christian Life," warns Churchmen not to attend the places of worship of the denominations or sects. "Go not at all," he says, "neither to hear preaching out of curiosity, nor to oblige friends. Keep to the Church alone. You have naught to do with those without the Church but to pray for them and treat them with kindness." By the Church, he, of course, means the "Episcopal Church."

The *Christian Advocate*, says truly, "Fragmentary moral reform is well enough as far as it goes, but Christianity goes deeper, and redeems the whole man. The world needs Christianity, and nothing less. As the divinely-appointed agency for the salvation of men, it is adequate to its purpose. When Christians forget this, and direct their time, their enthusiasm and their money into other channels, they sacrifice the higher for the lower, the stronger for the weaker, the divine for the human."

This, from the *Christian Intelligencer*, contains a truth which has long prevailed in our Church, and we are glad others are beginning to realize it: "In a thoughtful article on the Preacher's Choice of Subjects, the *Sunday School Times* remarks, that the fault of many a pulpit is its desultoriness. 'In ten years' preaching, half the great truths of Christianity may have been overlooked, not wilfully, but simply because the preacher has followed his own inclination, or has been drifted along by 'occasions' of a public or private nature.' Every one knows that this is true. And hence it is obvious how useful it is to have a rule like the Church Year or our Exposition of the Catechism, which shall secure the presentation of all the leading doctrines and duties of our religion within a given period. The adherent to such a rule is sure that he has not been one-sided or desultory, that he has not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God."

Among the Exchanges.

The President of a Theological Seminary says, in the *Congregationalist*, that he received the following letter from a trustee of a frontier church:—"A friend refers me to you for a pulpit supply. He thinks you can send a first-class student for the summer. We wish an able, brilliant, superior man—a man that is attractive socially in the pulpit, one that can preach an able and interesting sermon without manuscript. Not only this, but he must be cosmopolitan in his 'make up,' and possess sound practical judgment and tact. We are thus particular in specifying; for only such a man can give satisfaction and be successful in our midst." The trustee was informed, that there was no one in the seminary, who would answer to this description, and the statement was ventured, that the number of such men was probably not large in the entire ministry.

The *Advance* contains a criticism on Yale College, by Hon. J. V. Farwell, of Chicago, which, if well grounded, is justly given. Mr. Farwell attended the late commencement, and writes this about what he heard:

"Some of the prize writers and the orators of class-day were far ahead of the venerable President, who presided over the exercises, in their comprehension of the duties and privileges of the hour, and *could see in man*, ALONE, the possibilities of all progress, physical, mental and moral. Jesus Christ must be a myth or a failure, surely, or faint glimpses of President Porter's sermons to the class would have been reflected in these productions of the brightest intellect! If the mental and moral gambling and drinking palaces of thought take in these bonanzas of culture and intellect, what may not come to the stragglers in their rear? Freedom of thought, in the largest sense, should be guaranteed upon all unsettled questions, but when Christ, the central figure of human history and progress, finds no recognition of His claims in that connection from class representatives, is it not time to inquire why an altar 'to the unknown God' should be set up in such a place and at such a time as this, when 'the former darkness has passed away, and the true light now shineth,' which should enlighten every man that claims to speak for humanity? This is held to be 'the age of reason.' Is it 'Paine's Age of Reason,' or is it Jesus Christ's age of reason? When we say, that not a college exists, nor even a railroad, that is not the legitimate fruit of Christianity, we have given the true answer to one of the gravest questions that now minister to the unrest of the times. He that said, 'I am the truth,' gave the key to all knowledge, all sciences and all philosophy; and from that day He has been silently unlocking all forces with that key."

"The Japanese," says a writer in *Good Words*, "are great sermon-hearers, even when heathen, and the sermons of some of their own priests are justly celebrated. The sermon is irregular in form—a frank and inartistic, but not unstudied, talk over the topic that has been in the preacher's mind. He takes a passage for a text, and then probably passes on to some cognate passages as he proceeds. Beginning with the soft, low voice of his people, he soon warms, and often uses much gesture and eager rhetoric; but one of his strong points, as it is of the old Buddhist sermons, is his power of illustration. To take an example or two only from the sermons I heard. Speaking of the impatience of the Christian under trial:—"Summer and winter are each hard to bear; but they are soon over, and we take them as they come. Let us also take trial as one of God's seasons, and believe that it is only for a season." Of faith and works:—"A hawk and a crow" (the two common birds here, and the former the model of the Japanese kite), "a hawk and a crow, you know, can fly away when they have two wings. And if one wing be maimed or shot off, the bird flutters to the ground and cannot fly. We also have two wings on which we fly to heaven; the one is faith and the other works. But we can only fly thither with two; and if we try with one, we fall to the ground, and flutter and crawl there like a maimed bird." Of the hopes of Heaven:—"When you fly a kite," (a universal amusement in Japan), "if you tie the string to one place the kite will fall; if to another, it will whirl and tumble unsteadily in the air, but never mount; if to another, it will rise a little way, and then flutter and begin to descend; but if to the right spot, it will soar into the sky. So, if we tie our hopes to anything earthly, they come to nothing, though they sometimes seem, by our affections and aspirations, to mount unsteadily for a little space; but when we tie them to Heaven, they soar into the sky, and dazzle us with the sunshine of God."

The *Evening Telegraph*, commenting upon the "Non Sectarian Theology" of Harvard, says:

The Harvard Divinity School is making especial efforts to increase the scope and influence of that department of the university, and a symposium has been invited by the *Nation*, in which the advisability or the reverse of teaching theology in an institution like Harvard may be debated. The subject is certainly an interesting one, and an important one, also,—although it may directly concern but a comparatively small number of people. The *Nation's* own view—that theology, unless it is taught in a manner so large and free as to appeal to students of every variety of Christian belief, has no proper place in a university course, is the one which is likely to meet the approval of a majority of thoughtful persons. At the same time, however, Harvard assumes to teach, what it calls "non-sectarian theology," and it is over the possibility of such a line of instruction, that the *Nation*, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, and certain other enthusiastic partisans are now—despite the usually assumed heaviness of the subject—engaged in decidedly lively discussion. The position of the university is to the effect, that theology can be taught without bias or prejudice, as thoroughly so taught as law or political economy, while its opponents hold that this is a practical impossibility, since the foundation of the study must be a firm belief in certain dogmas. Theology for the Unitarian is a very different thing from what the orthodox Protestant considers theology, and the Roman Catholic has a belief which differs widely from both the others. These are the three main divisions among Christians, but there are many important subdivisions hardly less difficult to reconcile. Now, if we could suppose a theological school simply to offer a history and analysis of all beliefs without impressing upon the student the especial truth of any one, then non-sectarian theology would be understandable. But can this be supposed? Do students of theology go to Harvard or any of the other great schools in this eclectic spirit? The question answers itself. Men of one kind of religious instinct or training go to Princeton, others go to Brown, others to Andover;—they know in each case what they are going for, and they go where they do, because they know they can there be supplied. Another large class will doubtless go to the Harvard Divinity School, not because it is really non-sectarian, but because its liberality really means Unitarianism, which is the especial thing their minds are bent upon. It appears that a few men of orthodox persuasion have graduated from the Harvard school, but they are hardly to be mentioned in comparison with the Unitarian element;—therefore we are compelled either to suppose a bias in that direction in the school; that the various conflicting religious beliefs are not set forth, as claimed by the university, with equal strength and fulness by teachers of all the various opinions; or that young men only go to the Harvard school who intend from the start to become Unitarian ministers. In any event, non sectarian theology as applied to practical teaching is a misnomer. The design is to make preachers, and according to the Harvard scheme, young men can choose from the instruction they gain at college whether they will be Episcopalian, Baptist, Unitarian, or Roman Catholic preachers. That, of course, might be the result among a few students of especially strong minds, but there is not enough likelihood in it to found a system of instruction. It would seem, therefore, that if Harvard does this thing at all, it should do it in a very thorough and unmistakable manner,—that is, it should offer full courses of theological study in each of the great divisions of Christian belief—orthodox Protestantism, Romanism, and Unitarianism. To do less than this is to sail under false colors. It is not eclecticism that is in question,—not a critical review of religion in general; there are beliefs involved which the majority of mankind consider vital, and these peculiar and vivid beliefs are not to be summarized and passed upon impartially as other studies are. Harvard's real intent is to make a great Unitarian School, and it should be honest enough to say so.

SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following list of delegates to the approaching meeting of this Synod is made out from the reports of the proceedings of the Classes, as published in the MESSENGER. If any errors have been committed, they will be cheerfully corrected, if pointed out. F.

East Pennsylvania Classis.

Ministers:—S. G. Wagner, I. K. Loos, N. S. Strassburger, H. H. W. Hibshman, T. C. Porter, and W. R. Hofford, *Primarii;* and M. A. Smith, D. F. Brendle, S. A. Leinbach, J. J. Crist, A. J. G. Dubbs, and B. Weiss, *Secundi.*

Elders:—Thomas Faust, J. J. Hoffman, R. H. Kramm, Owen Romig, A. L. Newhard, and H. J. Young, *Primarii;* and M. T. Mickley, Anthony George, Peter Hackman, David Schwarz, Ezra Raseley, and Wm. Saesaman, *Secundi.*

Lebanon Classis.

Ministers:—B. Bausman, G. Wolf, C. F. McCauley, F. W. Kremer, A. S. Leinbach, J. O. Johnson, and C. H. Leinbach, *Primarii;* and H. A. Keyser, J. P. Stein, G. W. Aughinbaugh, R. S. Appel, W. F. P. Davis, H. Leisse, and J. Klein, *Secundi.*

Elders:—W. F. Hoffman, D. S. Raber, J. F. Orth, E. L. Kilmer, S. H. Madden, F. B Nies, and P. Risser, *Primarii;* and F. B. Stoudt, S. Hartman, J. B. Moore, Simon Winberger, C. Kantner, Jacob Reeser, and Daniel Stein, *Secundi.*

Philadelphia Classis.

Ministers:—J. H. Sechler, J. H. A. Bomberger, D. E. Klopp, J. S. Vandersloot, and D. Feete, *Primarii;* and A. S. Zerbe, S. R. Fisher, G. H. Johnston, H. M. Kieffer, and J. D. Detrich, *Secundi.*

Elders:—W. Brownback, Richard W. Eastlack, Jacob Weikel, W. K. Grosh, and Abraham Schwenk, *Primarii;* and D. McWilliams, Jesse Castner, Joseph Rambo, Jacob Shutt, and David Wanger, *Secundi.*

Lancaster Classis.

Ministers:—T. G. Apple, J. A. Peters, E. V. Gerhart, and J. B. Shumaker, *Primarii;* and J. S. Stahr, W. H. H. Snyder, D. B. Shuey, and J. H. Pannebecker, *Secundi.*

Elders:—A. Mader, G. W. Lewis, J. E. Kerschner, and J. W. Kurzenknabe, *Primarii;* and Geo. Mengel, Adam Hersch, Edwin Curzon, and Henry Gast, *Secundi.*

East Susquehanna Classis.

Ministers:—W. E. Krebs, J. K. Millet, Z. A. Yearick, and D. O. Shoemaker, *Primarii;* and A. R. Hottenstein, J. B. Kerschner, E. D. Miller, and S. B. Shafer, *Secundi.*

Elders:—J. Sweisfort, J. R. Hillbush, J. H. Haas, and T. D. Strauss, *Primarii;* and E. Derr, J. Hoof, S. C. Schive, and J. W. Kelsey, *Secundi.*

West Susquehanna Classis.

Ministers:—D. M. Wolf, J. F. De Long, and I. S. Stahr, *Primarii;* and James Crawford, G. P. Hartzell, and W. A. Haas, *Secundi.*

Elders:—Philip Frederick, Jonas Hay, and Carl Volkmer, *Primarii;* and John K. Runkle, Samuel Kryder, and Edward Smith, *Secundi.*

Goshenhoppen Classis.

Ministers:—C. Z. Weiser, and L. J. Mayer, *Primarii;* and S. M. K. Huber, and A. L. Dechant, *Secundi.*

Elders:—D. B. Mauger, and T. G. Hange, *Primarii;* and Michael Wanger, and Abraham Sellers, *Secundi.*

Tohickon Classis.

Ministers:—J. Kehm, A. B. Koplin, and N. Z. Snyder, *Primarii;* and S. K. Gross, R. L. Gerhart, and G. W. Roth, *Secundi.*

Elders:—Wm. Walters, John H. Afflerbach, and John W. Leidy, *Primarii;* and John A. Morris, H. O. Trumbore, and C. G. Barndt, *Secundi.*

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Joint Consistory of the Orangeville charge, held its annual meeting on the 2d of July. The Secretary of the meeting furnishes us with the following particulars:—The salary account was balanced. In the parochial report presented by the pastor, Rev. A. Houtz, it was stated, that, during his ten years pastorate in the charge, he has preached fifteen hundred and ninety sermons; delivered seven hundred lectures; baptized one hundred and twenty; confirmed one hundred and thirty-two; received on certificate thirty three; officiated at one hundred and ten funerals and at fifty weddings. During this period, the membership of the charge has been more than doubled, and the contributions to benevolence have increased in the same proportion.

A series of resolutions were unanimously adopted, in which it is stated, that the charge, as now constituted, was never in a more prosperous condition than at present; that the pastor has labored among his people during his ten years pastorate with commendable success, and maintained during all this time, the good will and love of all the members of the charge; and it is the unanimous wish of the people, that he continue to be their pastor.

It was resolved to hold a reunion of the charge, in the form of a Harvest Home, in the upper part of the charge, some time during the month of July. The pastor's salary for the ensuing year was fixed and apportioned amongst the different portions of the charge. F.

SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

This Synod will hold its next annual sessions in St. John's Reformed Church, Lebanon, Pa., on the first Wednesday of September, (the 3rd of the month) A. D. 1879, at 7½ o'clock, P. M. A punctual attendance is expected on the part of the delegates and others having business with Synod. SAM'L R. FISHER,
Philadelphia, Aug .1st. *Stated Clerk.*

RAIL ROAD ARRANGEMENTS.

Excursion tickets will be issued to persons attending the annual sessions of Synod in Lebanon, Pa., by the Reading Railroad, good from the 2nd to the 14th of September, at the following stations on the main Road and its branches: Philadelphia, Bridgeport, Perkiomen Junction, Phœnixville, Royers Ford, Pottstown, Reading, Port Clinton, Schuylkill Haven, Pottsville, Allentown, Topton, Womelsdorf, Meyerstown, Annville, Palmyra, Hummelstown, Harrisburg, Columbia, Lancaster, Manheim, Litiz, Ephrata, Quarryville, New Providence, Tremont, Jonestown, Port Carbon, Tamaqua, Mahanoy City, Williamsport, Montourville, Milton, Danville, Rupert and Catawissa. S. R. F.

SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

All delegates and those having business with the Synod will please notify either of the undersigned of their intention to attend the meeting of the Synod, Sept. 3d, to be held in St. John's Reformed Church, Lebanon, Pa. That arrangements may be made for their entertainment, notice should be sent by the 18th of August, which will be acknowledged, and a card forwarded in reply, containing the name and residence of those who entertain.

T. S. JOHNSTON.
F. W. KREMER.
Lebanon, Pa.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Session of the Theological Seminary, Lancaster, Pa., will be resumed on Thursday, September 4th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The Seminary and College commence on the same day; the opening address to be delivered by Prof. John B. Kieffer.

E. V. GERHART, *Pres't of Faculty.*

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL ACADEMY, LANCASTER, PA.

We are requested to announce, that the Fall Term of this institution, connected with Franklin and Marshall College, will open on the 4th of September next. The school is prepared to give a thorough preparatory training to those who desire to enter College, and also special advantages for the benefit of others who desire to take the Academic Course. Students coming from a distance, will board in the Rector's family. The great need now is, the earnest co-operation of the friends of the College and Academy. If this be given, success is beyond a doubt. The number of young men and boys seeking an education is very large. They are found in every community. An earnest effort should be promptly made to commend our institutions to their favor. The Academy needs friends who will *work* for it. Shall it secure this co-operation? There ought to be no doubt as to the answer. If a special effort were made before the opening, the result would be extremely gratifying. Will not all lend a helping hand? A circular has just been issued and is ready for distribution. Tuition, boarding, furnished room, fuel and light, $200 per year. Persons wishing information will please address the Rector, Rev. James Crawford, Lancaster, Pa.

Obituaries.

DIED.—Near North Washington, Westmoreland Co., Pa., July 16, 1879, Mrs. Lavinia Long, aged 56 years, 3 months and 1 day.

Mrs. Long was the daughter of Jacob and Mary Snyder, and a sister of Rev. J. F. Snyder. She was born in Hempfield Township, Westmoreland Co., on the 15th of April, A. D. 1823. In the same year, on the 10th of August, she was baptized by the sainted Dr. Hacke, and confirmed by the same in her early youth.

In the year of our Lord, April—, 1852, she was joined in the bonds of holy matrimony to Levi Long. This union was blessed with five daughters, three of whom preceded her to the spirit world, and two are still here with her bereaved husband to mourn her departure.

The deceased was a child of affliction during the greater part of her life. When only about twelve years of age, the disease set in which caused her at times intense sufferings. But having learned that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," she bore her affliction with Christian patience. Faith in the Redeemer sustained her in all her sufferings, so that she departed, as she expressed herself, with bright prospects for the future world. Her remains were taken to the Hankey Church, to be buried alongside of her daughters who had preceded her. The usual funeral services were held in the above named Church, and conducted by the pastor. J. D.

DIED.—In her home, near Alexandria, Huntingdon Co., Pa., July 16th, 1879, Mrs. Sarah Leffard, wife of Adam Leffard, Esq., aged 69 years, 3 months and 17 days.

Two years and a half ago, Mrs. Leffard was stricken with paralysis (paraplegia). From the time she was stricken to the moment, when death in God's love brought sweet release, her physician testifies that in all probability, she never had an hour of exemption from pain, and that most of the time her sufferings were intense.

That she should bear the sorrows of a protracted and painful sickness with cheerfulness and fortitude, was to be expected from one, whose whole life had been a delightful example of love to God and devotion to the Church; but that all through those weary months scarce a murmur should escape her lips, and thanksgiving, praises and prayer should abound, is wonderful. What but a living faith in Jesus Christ could have enabled this aged, smitten, tired mother to be thus a bright example of love, cheerfulness, courage, hope, throughout the whole period of her terrible sufferings?

Alternating from bed to chair, and from chair to bed with no rest in either, her unmurmuring, unfaltering, cheerful life was a perpetual precious sermon, which those who were privileged to wait at her bedside, or to visit her, will never forget. Friends and neighbors going to her home to comfort her almost forgot her affliction, and their mission in hearing her speak in burning words of the goodness of the Lord to her. She especially delighted to dwell on the facts, that the Lord had given her a kind husband and daughters to wait upon her, and had spared to her reason, memory, speech, hearing, and sight, and above all that He had called her into His Church when she was young, and now permitted her to read His word with great joy, and that in body and soul, in life and in death she belonged to her faithful Saviour Jesus Christ, and that nothing should be able to separate her from His love.

For the grand-children, who from time to time were permitted to visit her from their distant homes, she always had words of counsel, warning and encouragement, and would often lay her hand upon their heads, invoking upon them the benediction of heaven.

Hers was a precious life and a precious death. Baptized in infancy, carefully catechized by a faithful pastor, received into full communion with the Church by confirmation, faithful in her attendance on the means of grace, sweet, quiet and modest in her life, always speaking kind words of her pastors, and lovingly of the Church, commanding her family in the fear of the Lord, and going before them in holy example; her life was a fulfilment of the Word of the Lord, "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God, they shall still bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be fat and flourishing."

To the Water Street charge the memory of this good woman will ever be very dear. To her family and kindred her life is a legacy with which gold and silver are too poor to be compared.

Her funeral on the 18th was largely attended. A sermon was preached by her pastor from St. John xiv. 2.

"Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet."

M.

Jacob Evert died in Upper Augusta Township, Northumberland Co., Pa., on the 24th of July, 1879, aged 70 years, 7 months and 20 days. We feel constrained to lay an humble *immortelle* upon his new grave.

Mr. Evert was a man of singularly pure and unspotted character. Few men come out at the end of such a long life, without having contracted more of the corruption and moral stains of this "perverse and crooked generation." He cultivated a sensitive conscience, and an upright, peaceful disposition. His walk and conversation were characterized by a sense of right and the fear of God which was ever before him. His ruling passion was to be a true and useful member of society, doing with might whatever his hands found to do, and never allowing himself to eat the bread of idleness.

Bro. Evert was naturally of an humble, modest, retiring disposition, shrinking from everything like public show. Hence only those, who were admitted into the inner sanctuary of his confidence and affections, fully learned to know the beauty and worth of his character. His many noble qualities of soul, were shining in every relation of life. He attained considerable intelligence which, joined to very good common sense, made him a man of more than ordinary power and influence among his neighbors. As a citizen, he sought to discharge every duty conscientiously and to the best of his power. He was not indifferent to the great questions in Religion, Science, and Politics, which challenge the attention of society from time to time. Though liberal in his views, and free from the venom of jealousy and the malice and narrowness of bigotry, he had decided convictions, from which he could not be turned by every wind of doctrine.

As a neighbor, there never was one more peaceable and readier to help in every time of need A kinder heart does not throb in a human breast. The poor have lost their best friend and benefactor by his lamented death.

In the sacred retreat of his home, did his many virtues come specially to view. He was a man of immense home attachment, and was born, reared, lived and died in the same house. He was a devoted husband and father, living for and in his children. His prayers that they might grow up true, useful Christian men and women, were abundantly answered. They brought no sorrow upon his gray hair by filial disgrace or filial ingratitude, which is ever sharper than a serpent's tooth. He took a noble paternal pride in them, and well may they arise up and call him blessed. The tenderest side of his nature went, however, out towards his faithful and beloved wife. He clung more and more affectionately and dependently to her for sympathy, as his years grew feebler.

Bro. Evert was a member of the Reformed Church for fifty-three years, having been confirmed by Rev. Mr. Brunner in 1826. He was an elder for many years, and a subscriber to and close reader of THE MESSENGER for more than fifty years. His profession of faith he adorned with a most consistent Christian life, bringing forth abundantly the fruits of righteousness. His spirit of liberality was always larger than his means, and he was a free and cheerful giver to every object of benevolence. He literally lived in the house of the Lord, where a day to him was better than a thousand in the tents of wickedness. Having embraced Christ and all His benefits with a believing heart, he died in the full triumphs of faith, being able to give a reason for the hope that was in him, to the very last.

The home of Mr. Evert was a perfect shrine of hospitality and social pleasure. It was ever open for all, from the most favored relative or friend to the most humble weary, foot-sore traveler. It was specially the prophet's house. Ministers of the Gospel found a welcome place by his fireside and at his hospital board. What hallowed memories crowd upon me now! Here his death will be most keenly felt. How the desolation of loneliness will gather here! and sore hearts will yearn and ache for the dear departed one.

The funeral services were observed on Saturday afternoon, July 26th. His pastor, Rev. D. O. Shoemaker, preached a consoling funeral sermon from 1 Cor. xv. 22, to an exceedingly large concourse of people. Rev. W. A Haas, a former pastor, delivered an address. "The memory of the just is blessed."

W. A. H.

DIED.—In Berlin, Pa., on the 10th of July, 1879, Mrs. Sarah Brubaker, aged 92 years, 11 months and 2 days.

This aged mother in Israel was born in Philadelphia in the year 1786, and at an early age removed to Perlin. Baptized in infancy and thus brought into covenant relations with God, she, at the age of eighteen renewed those solemn vows in the sacred rite of confirmation. From that time to the day of her death, a period of almost seventy-five years, she remained a faithful communicant member of the Reformed Church. She was, in many respects, an exemplary character. Nobly did she discharge the many arduous duties of life. An estimable Christian woman, she gave to the world an illustration of the power of our holy religion, to renew the heart, to sanctify the life, to afford strength and comfort in the time of trial and affliction, and to give peace and hope in the hour of death.

Christianity permeated her whole being, making her an example of piety and faith, of patience, gentleness and suffering love. The Bible was her daily companion, and of her it could be almost literally said, "She prayed without ceasing." Thus, by a constant use of the means of grace, she grew daily meet for the kingdom of heaven. She loved the Church of her choice, and her greatest regret in her latter days was, that bodily infirmities prevented her from attending the services of God's house. Though called to pass through great afflictions and sore bereavements, this aged mother exhibited a spirit of true resignation, enabling her at all times to say: "Thy will, not mine, be done."

But few of our race are permitted to live on earth so long. She came to her grave "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

At her own request her funeral sermon was preached from the words of the Saviour, contained in St. John 14: 19, "Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live ye shall live also"—words, the truth of which she realized in her inmost heart; for her trust through life was placed in Him, who, though He was dead, is alive forevermore and holds in His own hands the keys of Hades and of death.

Believing this, she realized fully, that though she must "shuffle off this mortal coil," and pass through death as to the body, yet she should live. "*Because I live, ye shall live also.*" B.

Olevianus Kieffer Shaw died in Bloomville, Ohio, July 22d, 1879, aged 16 years, 6 months and 2 days.

The death of this young brother, only son of Rev. Samuel and Esther Shaw, deserves more than a passing notice. He was born on the 21st of March, 1863; was early consecrated to the Lord in holy baptism, and in his thirteenth year was admitted to full communion with the Church. The profession that he then made was adorned by him, by a consistent walk and conversation to the end. It was the testimony of all who were acquainted with him, and especially his Sunday-school associates, that few young men leave a better record behind them. This must be a source of great comfort to the bereaved parents, who are deeply weighed down by their affliction. In the providence of God who doeth all things well, Olevianus was, of late years, called to pass through great trials in the way of sickness. He had two attacks of pneumonia, one of scarlet fever, one of brain fever, one of typhoid fever, and no less than six of inflammatory rheumatism. The last of these, joined with brain fever, was the cause of his death. Thus God had chosen him to walk through the furnace of affliction; and in his experience was verified the saying of the Lord, that one must through many tribulations enter into the kingdom of heaven. We have the best reason to hope, that he is among the number of those whom St. John saw (Revelation vii. 9 13), and of whom the elder said, "These are they which have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The funeral took place on Friday, the 25th of July, and was attended by a large concourse of sympathizing friends. Revs. Messrs. Kefauver, Rust, R. Good, and J. H. Good, from Tiffin, and Revs. Messrs. Lash and Beebe of Bloomville, were present. The sermon was preached by the writer of this notice, from 1 John iii. 2, and appropriate remarks were made by Bros. Kefauver and Rust.—*J. H. G.*

DIED.—At Chambersburg, Pa., July 26th, of cholera infantum, Margaret Kennedy, infant daughter of D. H. and N. P. Wingerd, of Reading, Pa., aged 6 months. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

"Du kammst, du ginst, mit leiser Spur
Ein flücht'ger Gast auf Erdenland.
Woher? Wohin? wir wissen nur
Aus Gottes Hand, in Gottes Hand."

J. B. KERSCHNER.

DIED.—July 26th, 1879, near Mechanicstown, Md., Benjamin Firor, Sr., aged 79 years, 3 months, 4 days. Father Frior for a long time served his generation as Elder of the Church.

DIED.—June 4th, 1879, of cancer, Mrs Juliana Firor, widow of John Firor, aged 64 years 1 month, 15 days.

DIED.—May 29th, 1879, in Graceham, Md., of dropsy, Mrs. Rosanna Rouzer, aged 75 years, 3 months, 3 days.

DIED.—April 14th, 1879, Mrs. Sarah Wireman, aged 77 years, 4 months, 26 days.

DIED.—April 10th, 1879, Mrs. Christiana Lohr, aged 78 years, 5 months, 11 days.

The above were severally faithful and esteemed members of Apple's congregation. The church mourns for them, and deeply feels their loss, but entertains for them the hope that is had for those who sleep in Jesus. H. W.

Youth's Department.

THE BLESSED TASK.

I said, "Sweet Master, hear me pray;
For love of Thee the boon I ask;
Give me to do for Thee each day
Some simple, lowly, blessed task."
And listening long, with hope elate,
I only heard Him whisper, "Wait."

The days went by, but nothing brought
Beyond the wonted round of care,
And I was vexed with anxious thought,
And found the waiting hard to bear;
But when I said, "In vain I pray!"
I heard Him answer gently, "Nay."

So praying still and waiting on,
And pondering what the waiting meant,
This knowledge sweet at last I won—
And oh the depth of my content!
My blessed task for every day
Is humbly, gladly to obey.

And though I daily, hourly fail
To bring my task to Him complete,
And must with constant tears bewail
My failures at my Master's feet,
No other service would I ask
Than this my blessed, blessed task.

—*Harriet McEwen Kimball, in Youth's Companion*

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

The sun rose brightly over the little village of Crecy, on the morning of Saturday, August 26th, 1346. The golden corn was standing in the fields, the cattle were quietly grazing in the meadows, the birds were twittering in the woods; and in the still morning air rose the gentle murmur of a joyous stream. Everything spoke of peace that bright summer morning; little could one have dreamed that before that sun should have set in the West, the din and thunder of battle would wake the echoes of those quiet woods, or that those sunny fields would be torn and desolated by the angry tread of thousands of feet, or strewn with heaps of dead and dying! Yet so it was to be. A large army was even then halting in the cover of the forest over against the village, and far, far away, if any one had listened, might have been heard, mingling with the voice of the morning, the sound of a great host of horsemen and soldiers advancing in hot pursuit, and now and then a trumpet blast which echoed faintly among the hills.

The English soldiers as they rose from their beds of turf and grass, heard those far-off sounds, and knew—who better?—that they must fight like men to day or perish.

So they sprang to their feet and seized their arms and armor, ready at any instant to obey the summons to action.

Suddenly, along the ranks came the cry, "The king and the prince!" and directly afterwards appeared the great King Edward III., of England, riding slowly down the line of his army, and at his side a stately boy of sixteen years, dressed in black armor and mounted on a black horse. Never was king more honored or king's son more loved than were these two as they passed with cheery word and dauntless bearing among their loyal and devoted soldiers.

The king stopped when he had reached a spot from which a good portion of his host could hear him, and raised his hand.

Every man stood silent as he spoke.

"My loyal subjects, we must meet to-day a host greater than us in number, but not greater in valor. Fight, I charge you, for the honor of your country. My son here leads the first division of my army. This is his first battle, and sure I am he will acquit himself like a man. Do you the same, and God will give us the victory."

With such encouraging and confident words the king addressed his men, who cheered him and the brave prince long and loud.

Then every man took his helmet and his bow and waited for the enemy.

The morning passed but still no foe appeared. But the distant murmur was now grown to a loud and ever-increasing din; and as they sat, the English could hear shouts and the neighing of horses and the tumult of many voices, which betokened the near approach of the host of King Philip of France.

It was not until about three in the afternoon that the French army came in sight of Crecy. They had had a rapid and fatiguing march since daybreak, and were now in no condition, even with their vastly superior numbers, to grapple with the refreshed and inspirited Englishmen. So thought and said many of Philip's officers, and did their best to persuade him to put off the encounter till the next day.

But however much Philip might have been inclined to adopt this good advice, his army was in such a state of confusion and disorder, owing to their rapid march, that they were quite unmanageable. When the officers bade those in front to halt, those behind, shouting and impatient, still pressed on, so much so that the king and all his nobles were carried along with them into the very face of the English, who stood awaiting the attack.

When Philip saw the collision could not be put off, that the battle was inevitable, he shouted loudly:

"Bring forward the Genoese bowmen!"

Now these bowmen, 15,000 in number, on whom Philip depended to scatter and drive from the field the main portions of his enemy's force, were in no sort of condition for beginning a battle, after their long fatiguing march, and with the strings of their crossbows all loose with damp, and with a dazzling sun now glaring full in their eyes. But Philip, too confident to heed any such trifles, impatiently, nay, angrily, ordered them to the front, and bade them shoot a volley against the English archers, who stood opposite.

So these foreigners stepped forward, and as their manner was, gave three leaps in the air, with the idea of terrifying their foes, and then raised their bows to their cheeks, and let fly their arrows wildly in the direction of the English.

The trusty English archers, with the sun behind them, were not the men to be intimidated by leaping into the air, nor panic struck by a discharge so ill-aimed that scarce one arrow in ten even grazed their armor.

Their reply to the Genoese was a sudden step forward and a sharp determined twang of their bow-strings. Then the air was white with the cloud of their arrows, and next moment the foremost ranks of the Genoese were seen to drop like one man.

This was enough for those already dispirited hirelings. They fell back in panic disorder; they cut their bow-strings; they rushed among the very feet of the horsemen that Philip, in his rage, had ordered "to ride forward and cut down the cowardly villains!" Then the confusion of the French army was complete.

The English followed up their first advantage steadily and quickly. Knight after knight of the French dropped from his horse, troop after troop fell back, standard after standard tottered.

Nowhere was the fight fiercer than where the young Black Prince led the van of the English: and from a wind-mill on a near hill, the eager eyes of King Edward watched with pride that figure clad in black armor ever in the thick of the fight, and never halting an instant where danger or duty called.

It would be too long to tell of all the fighting that day. Philip, with his great army, could not dislodge his compact foe from their position, nor could he shelter his men from the deadly flight of their arrows. Bravely he rushed himself into the fray to rally his men, but to no avail. Everywhere they fell back before their invincible enemy.

Once, indeed, it seemed as if his brave knights would surround and drive back the division of which the boy prince was leader. An English noble sent post-haste a message to Edward to say, "Send help; the prince is in danger."

But Edward knew more of battles than most of his officers. He replied, coolly:

"Is the prince slain?"

"No."

"Is he wounded?"

"No."

"Is he struck down?"

"No."

"Then go, tell him the battle he has won so far shall be his, and his only. To-day he must win his own spurs."

The words flew like wildfire among the English ranks, and our brave men fought with renewed valor.

That evening, as the sun was getting low in the West, Philip and his host turned their backs on Crecy, and fled—all that were left of them, and anywhere to be out of the reach of the army of that invincible boy. Horsemen and footmen, bag and baggage, they fled, with the English close at their heels, and never drew rein till night and darkness put an end to the pursuit.

Meanwhile there was rejoicing and thanksgiving on the field of Crecy. The English king hastened from his post of observation, and, in the presence of the whole army, embraced his brave son, and gave him the honors of that glorious victory, wherein two kings, eleven princes, 1,200 knights, and 30,000 men had fallen. A sad price for glory!

"Sweet son," said he, "God give you good perseverance. You are my true and valiant son, and have this day shown yourself worthy of a crown."

And the brave boy bowed low before his father, and modestly disclaimed the whole glory of the victory.

Loud and long did the loyal knights and soldiers cheer their brave king and their heroic prince; and when they saw the latter bind on his helmet the plume of three ostrich feathers, worn by the most illustrious of his slain foemen, John, King of Bohemia, with the noble motto, "Ich dien" ("I serve") beneath, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. And the motto, has descended from prince to prince since then, and remains to this day as a glorious memorial of this famous boy, who earned it by doing his duty in the face of danger, and setting an example to all about him that "he who serves rules."—*Boy's Own Paper.*

NEVER FORGET ANYTHING.

Charge your mind with your duty. That is largely the true definition of faithfulness. Bad memory and mistakes are used as apologies a great deal oftener than necessary. A boy beginning business life will generally lose his place who pleads such an excuse more than once or twice.

A successful business man says there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, which were afterward of great use to him, namely: "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it; what shall I do then?"

The answer was, with the utmost emphasis, "You must not lose it!"

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to! I shall make no provision for any such occurrence. You must not lose it!"

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay.—*Youth's Companion.*

OBEYING MOTHER PLEASANTLY.

Harry had seen some older boys fly their kites from the tops of the houses; and he thought it would be nice fun if he could do so too. So he came to his aunt, and said, "Aunt Mary, may I go up to the top of the house and fly my kite?"

His aunt wished to do everything to please him; but she thought it very unsafe; so she said, "No, Harry my boy. I think that is very dangerous sort of play. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

"All right. Then I'll go out on the bridge," said Harry.

His aunt smiled, and said she hoped he would always be as obedient as that.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother one day.

"Spinning my new top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage and I'll bring him down."

"All right," shouted the boy, as he put his top away in his pocket, and hastened to obey his mother.

"Uncle William, may I go over to your shop this morning?" said Harry one day at breakfast. "I want to see those baskets again that I was looking at yesterday."

"Oh yes, Harry," said his uncle; "I shall be very glad to have you."

"But I cannot spare you to-day, Harry," said his mother. "I want you to go out with me. You shall go to the shop another day."

"All right," said Harry, and he went on with his breakfast.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or what refusal he met with when asking for anything, his constant answer was, "All right." He never stopped to worry or tease. He never asked, "Why can't I?" or, "Why mustn't I?" Harry had learned not only to obey, but he had learned to obey in good humor.—*Carrier Dove.*

DON'T GRUMBLE.

It is as bad to be with a grumbler as to be out on a rainy day. The one dampens our clothing, the other our spirits. But a bright, sunny-faced man or woman cheers us like a ray of sunlight coming into a dark room.

Fretting is hateful and tiresome. Cheerfulness, lovely and winsome.

We all have our trials and troubles; why should we impose them upon others? There is virtue in suffering patiently and cheerfully. When troubles come, shut your mouth firmly, look up, take in a long breath, and go forward.

THE OWL-CRITIC.

A LESSON TO FAULT-FINDERS.

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any defections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving,

"Examine those eyes,
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather!"
Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, any way;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

—*James T. Fields, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

BEARING THE CROSS.

Nearly seven hundred years ago, on a cold rainy evening, five persons stood together in a little room in one of the poorest streets of the city of Cologne. There were four men and a little girl. It was plain they were hiding, for chilly as it was, they dared not light a fire. At last the bitter cold was more than they could bear, so they ventured to make a small fire. They had scarcely begun to warm themselves, when soldiers burst in and seized them all. They were taken to prison, and soon brought before the judges. Then it was found that their only crime was that they worshipped God, and would not pray to the Virgin Mary or the saints. They were condemned to be burnt to death; but a pardon was offered them if they would forsake Christ. Three of the men answered at once they could die, but they could not be unfaithful to their Lord. The fourth, named Robert, hesitated; he was the father of the little girl, Arlette, and her mother had not been dead many weeks. But soon he decided like the rest. The judges coaxed and threatened Arlette. They told her they could not save her from being burnt alive, unless she promised to leave her father's religion. She answered steadily, "I cannot forsake the faith." In less than a week, the five were led out to the place of execution. The four men were tied each to a stake, and fagots heaped around them. They placed Arlette against a stake, but did not tie her. Then they set fire to the fagots, and some kind-hearted man pulled the little girl away, and said he would save her from the dreadful death, and bring her up not to serve her father's God. "I cannot forsake the faith," said Arlette again. And before they could stop her, she had run to her father and caught hold of his hand. In a few moments, Robert and Arlette were in heaven together.

You and I may be thankful that we have not to bear a cross like Arlette; but we can love the Saviour as well as she did, and be as firm as she was in refusing to do anything that will grieve Him. *Early Days.*

Pleasantries.

A courtly negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, in which he "regretted that circumstances repugnant to the requiescence would prevent his acceptance of the invite."

After taking a very lean drink of water and absorbing a troche to offset it, the speaker at the Lime Kiln Club continued:

"We will now turn to art. We see art in ebery fing around us, from de pictures on de milk-carts to a pile of clam-shells in de front doah yard, an' yet dere am souls who can't respond. I know men who might stan' fur a hull hour in front of a tea-store chromeo representin' sunset in Wisconsin or sunrise in Noo Jersey, an' not see nuffin' to expand deir souls an' turn deir thoughts into better channels. I've see white men stan' befo' a bust of Cæsar an' find fault wid de squint of his left eye, an' I've seen black men stan' befo' a fence all painted off wid red an' blue an' yaller, an' look fur nuffin' but nail holes. Take science away from us an' we wouldn't know why we grease de wheelbarrow. Take art away from us an' we might as well live in canal boats. I am glad to see de intress dis club takes in boaf subjecks. Your reports on astronomy hev reached ebery c'ner in de land, an' your pictures an' relics in dis hall am proof dat art, left in your care, will grow an' flourish till no maker will dare offer a broom to de public widout de handle am painted blue. Wid dese few suggestions an' aggregations, I will now clothes."

Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

AUGUST 24, LESSON 34. 1879.

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.—Genesis viii. 6-12.

THE RAVEN AND THE DOVE.

6. And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made:
7. And he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth.
8. Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground.
9. But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark; for the waters *were* on the face of the whole earth. Then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark.
10. And he stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark.
11. And the dove came in to him in the evening, and lo, in her mouth *was* an olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.
12. And he stayed yet other seven days, and sent forth the dove, which returned not again unto him any more.

NOTES.—God remembered Noah, (verse 1). He had not at any time forgotten the infant world in its cradle on the deep. The kindly phrase would tell us, that He now devised a plan of deliverance. In three ways God ended the Flood. 1. A *wind* was sent to evaporate, or turn some of the water into atmosphere. There is much of it in the air, though we do not see it. See when God first established this law, (Chapter ii. 6). This was and is still a great drying process. 2. The *windows of heaven were stopped.* In consequence of the warm wind, mist, fog and clouds were formed, which drank in the water, like a sponge, and raining ceased. 3. The *fountains of the deep* were closed. The seas, gulfs and rivers drain the waters into their beds. Thus was the Flood *assuaged*, or lessened; *restrained*, or given back; and *abated* or sunk—(verses 1, 2, 3)—and by ways the direct opposite to those by which it came, (Chapter vii. verses 11, 12). As it rained 40 days and prevailed 150 days—in all 190—it required almost as long a time to restore the dry land again—175 days, or the balance of the year. But the earth appeared gradually from the waters. On the 17th day of the 7th month, the ark rested on the top of the highest mountain, (verse 4) Three months later, the highlands cropped out, (verse 5).

VERSE 6. *At the end of forty days.* From the time when the mountain tops greeted Noah's eyes again, a feeling of unrest seems to have possessed him. He waited another full time—just as long as it had rained—chapter vii. 12—before he opened the window of the ark. As God had shut him in, he doubtless remained calm and at ease, until some token was given him from heaven, whatever that may have been. Then, Noah gazed abroad from the window.

VERSE 7. *A raven.* This is a wild bird or prey, of the crow family, and unclean. It was a fit thing to go forth, as the first emissary from the ark, into the waste and dismantled earth, strewn with carcasses. Restless by nature, it continued on the wing, *went to and fro*—flying to the roof, and sallying forth again, without entering the ark—it satisfied its ravenous appetite, and was content to remain amid its surroundings. The raven is regarded as a "bird of evil omen," ever since it brought no good news to the Patriarch Noah.

VERSES 8-12. *A dove. Thrice* did he send forth the dove after an interval of one week. A clean and timid bird, and terrified by the scene, it probably had gone but a little distance, the first time, and returned. *Found no rest for the sole of her foot.* It is not adapted to long flight. It returned to the ark both for rest and food. As it was a domestic bird, we are told graphically how Noah took it to his bosom again. This was the first carrier-pigeon of which we read. It brought the information of a still submerged earth, or low-land. On its *second* errand it carried back an *olive leaf* in its bill. This is the earliest foliage we read of after the going down of the flood. As the tree is of but moderate height, it told of a great decline of the water. It was a token of the truce or peace of God. Ever since, the *olive branch* is spoken of as *the emblem of peace* among all civilized nations. How much the world is indebted to the facts of the Bible for its phrases and ideas.

On the following *Sabbath*, no doubt, the dove is sent on its third and final flight. And *it returned not again unto him any more.* This assured Noah, that God was now fully at peace with the world, and that the waters had been drained from off the low-lands too. Then occurred the exodus from the ark after God's ordering, (verses 13-19). Noah's first act was an *act of worship*, as was fit. The first record of an altar is here given us. Sacrifices ascended to God. And that this offering of *sweet savour*, (verse 21) was typical of the sacrifice of Christ on behalf of the whole world, we may learn from Ephes. v. 2. So well pleased was God with Noah's conduct, that He promised to smite the world with such a flood no more, (verses 21, 22).

PRACTICAL REMARKS.—1. Let us see in the *ark* the Kingdom of God. 2. Let the *raven* be the representative of all *uncleanness*, which shall be sent forth forever, (2 Peter iii. 13; Rev. xxii. 15). 3. Let us see in the dove the Spirit of God reconciling the world to Himself, (2 Cor. v. 19; Col. i. 20). 4 Let us not forget to heed the earnest personal address to each one of us. (2 Cor. v. 20).

ACCORDING TO YOUR ABILITY.

"Every man according to his ability," is the Christian rule of giving and of working. It is not very faithfully obeyed. There are many persons who have great ability, yet do but little work; who have ample leisure, yet give but little time; who have large possessions, yet make small contributions. This is an evil that we have all seen under the sun. And there is another that is like unto it. There are a great many people who have some ability, but who do *nothing;* who have not much leisure, but who give *no* time to the Lord's work; who have a little money, but put *none at all* into His treasury. Those who have a little and give nothing violate the Christian law just as truly as do those who have much and give a little. There are a great many persons, young and old, in all our Churches, whose means and opportunities are limited; from whom not much ought to be expected; but they *are* able to do something and they do nothing. They are transgressors of the Christian law. They ought to repent, and do works meet for repentance.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

The first century Christian Church was an association of poor people. In some of our large cities they say the ninteenth century Christian Church has become an association of rich people. The charge is an exaggeration of the truth, but it is well enough for the Church of to-day to remind itself that the conclusive proof of the Divine work is the preaching of the gospel to the poor. "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." This is a good legend to worship under.

RESTRAINTS OF GOD'S LAW.

No doubt the law restrains us, but all chains are not fetters, nor all walls the gloomy precincts of a jail. It is a blessed chain by which the ship, now buried in the trough and now rising on the top of the sea, rides at anchor and outlives the storm. The condemned would give worlds to break his chain, but the sailor trembles lest his should snap, and when the gray morning breaks on the wild lee-shore, all strewn with wrecks and corpses, he blesses God for the good iron that stood the strain. The pale captive eyes his high prison walls, to curse the man that built it, and envy the little bird that, perched upon its summit, sings merrily, and flies away on wings of freedom. But were you traveling some Alpine pass, where the narrow road hung over a frightful gorge, it is with other eyes you would look on the wall that restrains your restive steed from backing into the gulf below. Such are the restraints God's law imposes—no other. It is a fence from evil—nothing else. It challenges the world to put its finger on any one of these Ten Commandments, which is not meant and calculated to keep us from harming ourselves or hurting others.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

This is the Christian's paradox, to be at the lowest extremity of self-helplessness, and yet, at that point, to be clothed with more than human strength. And yet Paul asserts this apparent contradiction most plainly: "When I am weak, then am I strong." He also asserts that his weakness was the condition of his strength, and that God taught him this doctrine, saying, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." It is clear from this and the next verse that the strength Paul had in weakness was not his own, but "the power of Christ." The weakness was his own; the strength was God's. His weakness was revealed by his "infirmities, reproaches, necessities, persecutions, distresses," in that he found that his own strength was insufficient to stand against them, and realized that if he had nothing else to depend on, he must yield and be crushed by them.

So, sooner or later, every man, no matter what may be his resources, his physical endurance, his strength of intellect and force of will, every man finds that the odds are against him, that he is appointed to trials too great for his own strength that he has to pass through mental and physical sufferings greater than he can bear, and is forced at last, to succumb to these things.

No man is strong enough in himself to stand against the evil days that will surely come. Our own strength must yield to them. But "man's extremity is God's opportunity." We can never be too weak for God to help us. And when, at last, our own vain struggles to stand in our own strength against the ills of life have taught us our utter helplessness, we are in the condition to receive divine strength, if we but turn to God for it. When we cease to rely on any other supports and depend only on God, the strength of Omnipotence is given to us. Out of the ashes of our dead hopes, of our wasted strength, of our pride in personal resources, will rise a new life, whose strength is unconquerable, because it is the strength of God.

Our weakness is the condition of strength, because it teaches us our dependence on God. As a matter of theory, we know that none of us are independent of God. If he rely upon his own resources and take his own way, the strength fails at last. There is no independence on earth; we hang from hour to hour on God. When we know ourselves aright we shall feel that we have nothing of our own that is good—that we are strengthless, powerless, and must depend entirely on His all-sufficient strength. Trial soon forces us to feel this, by crushing away every puny barrier we would fain erect against it, and leaving us nothing but conscious weakness. Happy for us if it also forces us to God, who is our refuge and strength, our very present help in trouble, to give up self-will and accept God's will, to lie like a child in our Father's hands and hear Him say, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness," for then we shall be able to say, "When I am weak, then am I strong"—strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. There is no other strength that lasts.—*Methodist.*

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Arr. Carlisle,.....	9:00	2:35	6:15	10:10
" Chambersburg	10:30	4:00	6:45	P. M.
" Hagerstown....	11:30	5:00	P. M.	
" Martinsburg...	12:50	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	A.M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg...		7:00		2:00
" Hagerstown....		8:25		3:25
" Chambersburg		9:30	1:00	4:33
" Carlisle.....	6:00	10:55	2:20	6:00
Arr. Harrisburg.....	7:00	11:55	3:20	7:00
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M

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General News.

HOME.

At a camp-meeting at Bucyrus, Ohio, a minister prayed fervently that one member of every anti-Christian family in the country might be struck dead, so as to awaken the survivors, and the result was a riot in which the tent was torn down and the reverend gentleman severely whipped.

During the last three years the Catholics of the United States have added 35 colleges and 313 parish schools to their institutions, so that now they have 98 of the former and 1,958 of the latter, besides 557 academies and select schools and 23 theological seminaries—in all 3 636 educational institutions. The seminaries contain 1,115 students.

Chautauqua, N. Y., August 9.—The Rev. A. A. Hodge, D. D., of Princeton, lectured at 8 o'clock in the Hall of Philosophy on the "Person of Christ." Major Cole, of Chicago, the lay evangelist, held a devotional conference in the hall at 10.30 A. M., and Dr. Buckley, of Brooklyn, spoke in the amphitheatre on "Women in the Family, the Church and the State."

Chautauqua, August 10.—Last night the gates were closed to remain shut until Monday morning. Several steamers came up and down the lake to-day, but none were allowed to land passengers on the pier.

Among the transactions of the Evangelical Synodical Conference, Lutheran, recently held at Columbus, Ohio, were the appointment of Revs. Loy, of Columbus, and F. A. Schmidt, of Madison, to edit a new quarterly magazine, to be issued in the English language from Columbus, Ohio; and the adoption of plans for the formation of State Synods of the Missouri order, and the establishment of a general theological seminary near Chicago or Milwaukee, with three distinct faculties, one German, one English, and one Norwegian. Each Synod, however, is to have its own college. Initiatory steps were also taken to form three General Synods of the Synodical Conference, to be called the Western, Northwestern, and Eastern Synod.

Chicago, August 9.—A Memphis despatch to *The Daily News* of this city shows the total number of cases of fever up to Saturday, within the city limits, to have been 330 and the deaths ninety-seven.

Memphis, Tenn., August 9.—Twenty-five new cases and five deaths were reported to the Board of Health to-day. Ten of the new patients are white and the remainder colored. The deaths were all of white persons—Mrs. Frances Geitz, Mrs. A. Boyd, L. Tabler, Miss Lizzie Getchell and L. Roberts. The excitement along the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad is fast dying out. An official announcement declaring the fever epidemic has been published.

Sunday—Twenty-nine cases were reported to the Board of Health to-day,—twelve white and seventeen colored. Among the former were Thomas S. Bateman, Charles Mead, Austin W. Dowell, Arthur White, Dr. Oscar Berty, W. B. Irwin and Carrie Williams. Five deaths have occurred—Fritz Hetsch, Michael Dwyer, Martha Woods, Eva Nowland and J. Clements. Dr. S. H. Collins this morning was sent to Forrest Hill, Tenn., eighteen miles from Memphis on the Charleston railroad, where two cases of fever have developed in the family of Mr. Stout. Dr. Collins will investigate and report what connection their sickness had with the fever here. Ed. Schloss was prostrated to-day. His case has not been reported but there is scarcely a doubt as to his illness. He was an active worker during the epidemic last year, but escaped the fever. Ed. Moon is reported delirious with but faint hopes of his ultimate recovery. W. W. Guy is resting easier to-night, although he had a slight attack of black vomit this morning. The weather has grown warmer.

Washington, August 10.—The original detail of medical officers from the navy to serve in foreign ports has been revoked, neither Surgeons Thomas Hiland nor Walter K. Schofield having had the fever. Inspector Somerset Robinson of the navy and Dr. Daniel M. Burgess (for several years a resident of Havana) will perform the duties prescribed by the recent act of Congress. Dr. Robinson has been assigned to duty at Matanzas and Dr. Burgess at Havana.—*Press.*

Washington, August 10.—Dr. J. S. Billings, vice-president of the National Board of Health, has telegraphed Dr. Cochrane at Memphis noting his recommendation that the work of removing the unacclimated population be continued until no fuel is left to feed the epidemic; the removal of the sick, as far as possible, to camp hospitals outside of the city limits; the isolation, as far as possible, of infected persons at places within the city; the disinfection, so far as our existing knowledge makes it possible, of infected bedding, clothing and dwellings. Dr. Billings says: "This Board has been from the commencement urging the same advice through Dr. Mitchell, and has furnished funds to the State boards to carry it out and do the work. The State Board has the legal authority, this Board can only give advice and means, and this it has done. When more means are needed by the State Board it will no doubt inform us. Continue to urge the removal of unacclimated people to camp, and also the isolation of infected persons in their places."

FOREIGN.

There is great excitement in Canada on account of the suspension of the Ville Marie Bank of Montreal.

The Jesuits have established a Chinese Catholic paper at Shanghai, the *Yimon Loh*—"writing about things useful to be heard."

A new sect, with a prophetess and twelve apostles, has arisen in Russia. A peasant woman is successfully preaching austerity of life, the avoidance of wine, meat, and marriage, and is permitting tea only for the liquid regalement of her followers.

A "Country Curate" writes to the Echo: "The living of Stratford on-Avon and Shakespeare's beautiful church has been vacant since April 1, and I understand five clergymen have refused it in consequence of there being three unendowed churches attached to it. The late vicar added two to it. Formerly there used to be a contest for the vicar's place when vacant."

An unusual case was lately tried at Kutais, in Russia. Seven Jews belonging to a secret Jewish order, were accused of killing a female Christian child in order to get human blood for the celebration of one of their festivals. The defendants were acquitted; but the people were enraged at this, and threatened to take the law into their own hands. The accused Jews fled.

Dr. Philip Schaff writes from Basle that it has been arranged to hold, during the conference of the Evangelical Alliance in that city, four Anglo-American sessions, in which Sunday-schools, religious liberty, Christian union, and Socialism will be discussed by Drs. Washburn, Anderson, Hall, Taylor, Tiffany, Stanton, and other American and English Clergymen. The conference meets early in September.

Exception is taken in England to the manner in which Mr. Talmage points a moral. In his lecture on the "Bright Side of Things," delivered at the temperance fete at the Crystal Palace, as an instance of the "ruling passion strong," he related the following: "Ah," said a man, who was on a sick bed, to his wife, "I am going to heaven." "You'll look very pretty," said she, "stuck up in heaven." "Bring me the broom," he shouted, "and let me give you another walloping before I die." A correspondent of the *Echo* insists that it was scarcely necessary for a Doctor of Divinity to come from the other side of the Atlantic to speak in this manner, as there are preachers in the East End and cab drivers all over London who can do it as well, if not better.

Farm and Garden.

CABBAGES.—In planting late cabbages, even though the ground is moist, it is best to twist off at least one half of each leaf. If any one at this time will try the experiment of planting two rows, say of fifty plants each, in one of which the plants are set entire while in the other they are cut or twisted in two, he will be convinced that the trouble of the latter method is more than made up by the results. These young leaves will die in any event, and they serve only to retard the establishment of the roots by exposing a larger evaporating surface than the roots can possibly supply with moisture.

REMOVING ROCKS FROM TILLED FIELDS.—There is not usually much profit in grubbing big stones and rocks from the farm; by which remark I wish to say that the profit lies rather in getting land where such work is not needed. But if a good farmer has a few such nuisances disfiguring his cultivated fields, by all means let him have them out as soon as he can. It will pay him a good percentage above the money return in the satisfaction of being able to plough and reap and mow without encountering these old-time enemies to good tillage. The work can be done at seasons when labor is cheapest and thus may be really almost no money expense. The hole which a deep-lying rock has occupied may be filled up within two feet of the surface with smaller stones, thus doing two good jobs at once. The digging and stirring of the soil around the rock required to move it, are also beneficial. I have often noticed that such places show the good effects on the crops for years after.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THINNING OUT FRUIT.—Many fruit growers make the mistake of allowing a tree or vine to carry to maturity all of the fruit which sets after the bloom, the consequence in most cases being a large yield of inferior quality and size. Careful experiment has shown that the results have been more profitable when the system of thinning out the young fruit at least one-half has been adopted, producing large, fine, perfect specimens, which will always command a remunerative price, even when the market is glutted. Apples, pears and peaches should receive this attention before they become larger than ordinary marbles, grape clusters may be thinned while in blossom, and plum-trees, by vigorous shaking, can be relieved of their unnecessary surplus.

SIGNS OF GOOD MILKERS.—Cows of extraordinary milking qualities are found as often among grades as among thoroughbred animals. As a rule, the progeny of extra milkers become the best cows, and every heifer calf from such cows should be raised, except it fail to carry the prevailing mark indicating a good milker. This mark is the upward growth of the hair on the outside of the thigh of the calf from immediately behind the udder as high as the hair grows. If it runs up in a smooth, unbroken column, other things being equal, such as good care and continued thrifty growth, there will scarcely be a failure. But whatever other favorable indications, and this wanting, the calf may be regarded as quite unpromising for the dairy. There are other conditions necessary to a good cow, such as fair-sized teats, an easy milker, a yellow skin and others which are familiar to all dairymen. As far as practicable a large, well-developed animal is desirable.

NEW MODE OF MAKING BUTTER.—Many improved methods of effecting this object have lately been invented, but the most effectual of all was the discovery by a Swedish farmer that ice applied to his milk-pans gave a far larger yield of cream and in a much shorter time than by the ordinary process. Under the old system thirty-six litres of milk were required to produce a kilogramme of butter, but with the use of ice twenty-one or twenty-two litres will give as much. But, obviously, an immense difficulty existed in supplying dairy farms in remote districts with ice, and recourse was had to a stream of spring or well water to supply its place, and many machines have been arranged for that purpose. Some of them answer excellently, and have spread over Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, producing better butter and causing a considerable saving. However, the problem of extracting all the valuable parts of the milk did not seem to be satisfactorily solved, and a German engineer, M. Lefeldt, conceived the idea that a similar effect might be produced by heat. He has lately exhibited at Berlin two specimens of his apparatus. The smaller one consists of a vertical metallic disc, in the centre of which was placed a glass tube filled with milk. By imparting to it a movement of rotation the separation of the matters constituting milk is effected by centrifugal force, and the different molecules become aggregated according to their various densities; the cream separates from the serum, which is the heaviest portion. The operation lasts ten minutes. In a larger apparatus, worked by steam, the fact was proved that the quantity of cream was greater in proportion than that produced by cold. With a speed of eight hundred revolutions per minute during thirty-five or forty minutes, the amount of cream obtained was eighty-two per cent. The work may be continuous as long as the supply of milk lasts, but the temperature ought to be maintained at from 30 degrees to 35 degrees Centigrade (84 degrees to 95 degrees Fahrenheit), the heat of the milk when drawn from the cow.—*English Paper.*

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	Rye	55@60½
	Corn, Yellow	47@49
	" White	42@43
	Oats	34½@35
	Barley two rowed	60@65
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